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Picture Show

Every
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of the "Picture
Show" girl

*A
Picture Show
Reader*

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SCREEN
CHANCE**

at the STOLL
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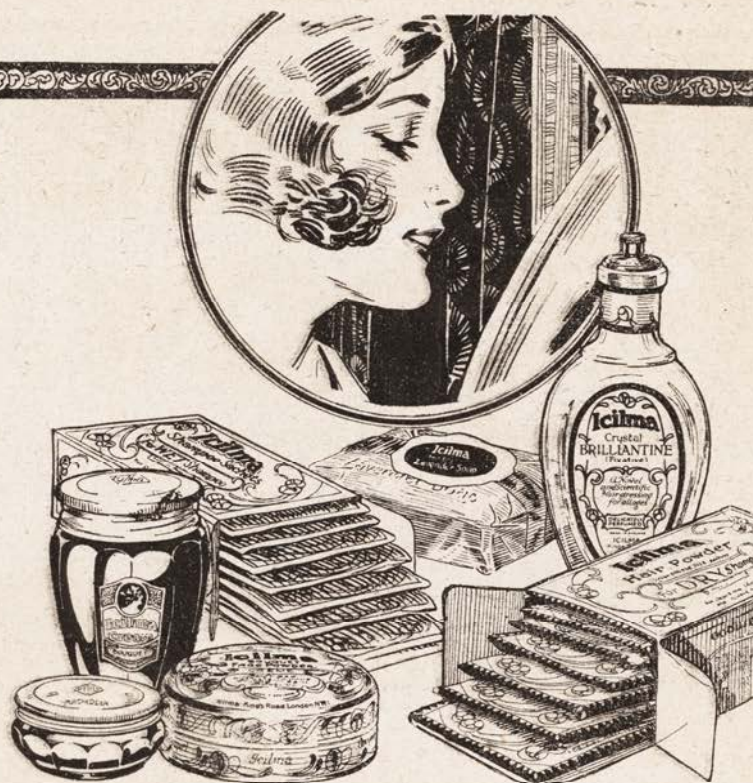
(See Inside)



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Toilet Preparations

Help you to 'look your best' always





NORMA SHEARER.

NORMA is a rising star,
Climbing up the screen;
Once she was an extra girl,
Soon she'll be a queen.

A FRIEND OF THE INDIANS—BETTY BLYTHE AT THE LONDON COLISEUM—SCREEN COMEDIAN FIND

YOU will remember that when "The Covered Wagon" was presented over here at the London Pavilion, preceding the film, we were given an interesting account of the Indians taking part in the film by Colonel Tim McCoy. He achieved international recognition for this, for he is the only man ever able to induce primitive American Indians to cross the water, which he did in connection with the London presentation of this picture.

Now I hear Colonel McCoy has been engaged to handle the 8,000 Indians in "The Last Frontier." He is at present in Wyoming rounding up the various tribes which will participate in the scenes of Indian warfare in this big Western spectacle.

Colonel McCoy is held in great esteem by the Indians, to whom he is known as "High Eagle." He has made a life study of their habits, their customs, and their racial peculiarities, and he speaks seven tribal languages in addition to being an expert in the sign language.

In addition to taking charge of the Indians in "The Last Frontier," Colonel McCoy will also be a member of the cast, and I hear the director of the picture believes that he has a real "find" in this new screen personality.

Betty at London Coliseum

THE news that Betty Blythe will shortly appear at the London Coliseum in variety is of the greatest interest to picturegoers in this country.

Betty Blythe is best known for her performances in "Chu Chin Chow" and "Southern Love," and cuts from these famous films will precede her act at the Coliseum. I hear she will wear a different dress for each performance, and it is estimated that the value of these will exceed £16,000.

In "Chu Chin Chow" and "Southern Love" Betty Blythe appears in her most gorgeous and exotic dresses, and there is no doubt that there will be a demand for the re-showing of the films in which she achieved her popularity as they were originally presented.

Rosita Forbes

ROSITA FORBES, the famous woman explorer, is to be seen in a remarkable travel film from Red Sea to Blue Nile. It is



ROSITA FORBES.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

a Britannia Film Production, photographed by Harold G. Jones. It is a one thousand, one hundred mile adventure through Abyssinia.

A Screen Comedian Find

NO wonder the reports from the other side say that W. C. Fields has been offered many screen offers. His work in "Sally of the Sawdust" proves him to be one of the finest of comedians the screen has yet seen. It is a joy to watch him.

Many will remember his turn on the music-halls over here as a tramp juggler, but this is surpassed by the fun he can get out of a suitable rôle on the films.

Don't miss him if you want a real, hearty laugh.

Setting a Fashion

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS seems to have set the fashion for Spanish stories on the screen as the fascinating hero in "Don Q." At any rate, I hear that Tom Mix is going to be a Spaniard in his next film, made from Katherine Fullerton Goroult's "Conquistador." Ann Pennington will be his leading lady for this film.

Bible Stories Screened

IF "Ben Hur" and "The Wanderer" succeed, a run of Bible pictures can be expected.

All the good stories in the world are in the Bible.

But there are two difficulties in the way of making good stories from the Bible. One is the difficulty of getting suspense where the story is so well known; the other is the costumes.

For some mysterious reason an actor usually ceases to be a human being as soon as he gets a costume on. But, for all that, the greatest dramas ever written, as everyone knows, have been "Bible stories." We shall see.

Pearl in Revue

WHEN I saw Miss Pearl White the other day in London, where she is starring in "The London Revue" at the Lyceum Theatre, I asked her in the course of conversation what were her impressions of London.

"I haven't had time to get any," she smilingly answered. "What with a queue lining up every day at the box office for my autograph, and a few stage and film struck persons who haunt me and the opening days of a new show, I haven't had much time to look around."

Persistent

ONE girl in particular, who appeared to be very anxious to get on the films or, failing that, the stage, has shown

a perfect genius for thinking out ways of communicating with me. You will realise that, with the best will in the world, I cannot receive everybody who calls, and this particular young lady, having been disappointed in her efforts to reach me personally, actually rang me up in the name of a famous actress in order to ensure that I, and I alone, would be at the other end of the wire!"

Sessue to Return

HERE is news of Sessue Hayakawa, who, as you know, has spent the last three years over here and in France making pictures. Now he is back in America, and it is said that he will shortly make a series of pictures of the type that made him famous on the screen, that of the heroic Oriental to whom self-sacrifice is his second name.



A snap of THOMAS MEIGHAN taken in Ireland, where Tom is making a Paramount Picture with Lois Wilson as his leading lady. Note Tom has his favourite paper with him.

George Pearson's New Film

THAT famous producer George Pearson, who, in "Reveille" gave us an epic on the screen, is now at work on a new film. It bears the intriguing title of "Mr. Preedy and the Countess." It is a screen adaptation of the R. C. Carter play, in which Weedon Grossmith originally took the part of Mr. Preedy. Many of the scenes are laid in Paris, and there is to be a new film star for Mr. Pearson in this production—Mona Maris. Gladys Haver, the brilliantly clever screen comedienne, will also take part in this film. Of course, there could be no George Pearson film worth its name without Frank Stanmore; then we shall also see Buena Brent, Annie Esmond, Gibb McLaughlin, Frank Perfitt, Harding Steerman and Douglas Rothschild.

A Perfect Cookery Book

WHILE I think of it may I tell you of a cookery book which is altogether different from all other cookery books—one that tells you all those important little details that most cookery books leave out.

Every recipe is detailed in such a way that failure is practically impossible, and waste is eliminated entirely. Moreover, every recipe is illustrated by a photograph showing the exact appearance of the completed dish. THE BEST WAY COOKERY GIFT BOOK is most beautifully printed in art photogravure throughout, is bound in full art cloth and contains several beautiful coloured plates. And the price is only four-and-sixpence. Over 350 tried and tested recipes.

John Barrymore's New Character Rôle

JOHN BARRYMORE, I hear, may not wear one of his famous wigs in "The Sea Beast," but he is going to do something more startling than that. A portion of the rôle calls for his appearance instead with an artificial leg.

No John Barrymore picture has ever been perfect without some feat of make-up or unusual characterisation achieved by its star. In nearly all previous features it has been the effect that he has achieved with a wig that has been striking, as, say, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or "Beau Brummel." You will remember he even used it during a scene in "Sherlock Holmes," where the famous detective masqueraded.

In "Sea Beast," though, there will be the new departure mentioned. The loss of his leg is a climax of a battle between the whaling expedition that he commands and one of the great denizens of the sea. It is a turning-point in the drama.

By the way, the old whaling-boat, purchased by Warner Brothers, is in readiness now for the filming of John Barrymore's "The Sea Beast." It is a very old craft, built around 1883, and it will no doubt serve as an excellent background for Barrymore's characterisation.



Teddy's Grandson

IT has been several years since Mack Sennett featured any animals in his comedies. Animal actors are hard to find, the producer says.

Teddy, the Great Dane, was one of the finest dog actors ever known, and is well remembered for his work in Pathé comedies. Teddy died about six months ago, but his clan goes marching on.

Cap, grandson of Teddy, was "signed to a long-term contract" recently by Mack Sennett. Cap is not quite a year old, and is already three inches larger all round than his famous grandfather. He is spotted black and white, and is known as a Harlequin Dane.

A "Reel" Blaze

THE inhabitants of Salisbury and surrounding districts were given a surprise treat a few days ago when, for part of the filming of "Trainer and Temptress," a big fire scene was "shot" at the training stables of Atty Persse at Stockbridge.

In the story the stables containing the very probable winner of the Derby are burned by the villain, and no sooner did the news get abroad that this particular scene was to be shot than a pilgrimage commenced from all the surrounding districts.

Special arrangements for charabanc parties were made from Salisbury and other towns, and the scene on the roads leading to Stockbridge resembled a view of Epsom on Derby Day.

The enormous crowd of onlookers entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the proceedings, and cheered lustily when the various horses were rushed out of the blazing building.

Princess on the Screen

A PRINCESS in her own right with a long line of distinguished ancestors behind her. This refers to Princess Neola, of the once great Tuscarora tribe. Her home is on the great Indian reservation in the state of New York. The Tuscarora tribe was at one time a member of the Confederation, or Six Nations, which rules the Indians of America.

I tell you all this because I've heard that Princess Neola is playing a part in a new film entitled "Queen of the Range."

"Bad" Men of Hollywood

WHO are the three bad men of Hollywood? According to John Ford, the director, they will be Lou Tellegen, Henry B. Walthall, and J. Farrell Macdonald.

At least, this trio has been picked for the titular rôles in "Three Bad Men."

A Risky Business

TAKING a nose dive in a Pullman car is not listed in the accomplishments of a screen star, but, as an exercise, it has been demanding the attention of Vera Reynolds, plus closely-attending nurses with first-aid implements.

It's Cecil De Mille's neat idea this, of turning a Pullman upside down; and, if the players hold out, it should be the hit of a train-wreck scene in the producer's offering, "The Road to Yesterday."

Fay Filmor.



ART ACORD and CLIFF SMITH, his director, show us a new way of playing pool.

ERIN LA BISSENIERE, who plays a part in "The Still Alarm," is, as you will see by her photograph, almost an exact double of Gloria Swanson.

If you haven't guessed it already, we would tell you that this is SYD CHAPLIN, famous film comedian, as he appears in his new rôle in "The Man on the Box."



HOW MARGARET BECAME A FLAPPER

In Spite of the Roles She Plays on the Screen, Margaret Livingston Asserts That She is an Athletic Type

MARGARET LIVINGSTON on the screen is mostly a flapper, and you have probably imagined that she is very much like this in real life.

"I was born just a normal girl, distinctly not a flapper," Margaret will tell you, "neither have I during my screen career struggled to achieve flapperdom; it has simply been thrust upon me! Flappering has therefore become a business with me, and I treat it with all seriousness."

"Personally I think I'm the athletic type. I should feel perfectly at home in any screen rôle that called for a rather lanky young person full of vim, who rides, shoots, swims, and can handle a boat with decent skill. The sort of girl who does not worry too much about clothes, and has no burning preference for a particular kind of lipstick. The kind of part I should like would be one that called for me to jump hurdles, and take an occasional sprint across rough country where sticking in the saddle is a real achievement."

Originality in Flappering

WHEN the sheik and the flapper came in, the outdoor girl seemed to be thrust off the screen—scenarios were simply not written for her. The result was that those of us who were not old enough to play grand dames, or the type for characters or vamps, had to fall back on flappers, and it was the easiest thing imaginable for us all to become exactly like each other.

"I therefore determined that if I had to be a flapper in pictures, I would be not only a good one, but would put a dash of individuality into the characterisation."

"For instance, when I played in 'Capital Punishment' with Clara Bow, who is considered the super-flapper of the screen, I watched her very carefully, for although she was not cast strictly to the type in this particular film, the script now and then called for her to do some flappering. When I reached home I tried to do the same scenes myself, with mannerisms as far unlike those of Miss Bow as I was able to make them."

"In just the same way, whenever I have the chance, I study the flappering of Colleen Moore, which has a marked individuality, and once again in the privacy of my own home I try the scenes over, and endeavour to inject my own personality into them. It's work, real work, but I believe I have the persistency to stick at it until I have developed a distinct flapper type of my own."



MARGARET LIVINGSTON has cropped auburn hair, and a fascinating dimple in her insouciant nose.

In the circle we see MARGARET as she appeared in the race-track scene in "The Chorus Lady," her first starring production.

On the left: As the mysterious Spanish girl in "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."



A SPLENDID COMPLETE STORY

"THE MEDDLER"

The Romance of a Mysterious Highwayman who Spurned Stealing Gold but Took Arms

SINCE the early pioneers first wrested the territory of Nevada from the Indians, Red Gulch had known some exciting times. It had passed through long periods of border warfare against Red Indians and white outlaws; it had seen lawlessness rampant in the early days of the gold rush, and, in fact, gone through all the phases of development which turn a frontier camp into a civilized town.

But never in the history of Red Gulch had its inhabitants been more excited, or "het up," as they phrased it, as they were when a mysterious outlaw appeared on the scene and started exploits which were as daring as they were mysterious.

Those who had seen this bandit described him as a handsome man of about thirty years of age, gorgeously attired in Mexican dress, and as courteous as he was fearless.

The most extraordinary thing about this bandit was that though he held up stage coaches and travelers, he never took anything but weapons.

Three times he had held up the stage which brought the pay roll to the Crescent Mine, but though he had seen and examined the steel box in which the money was carried, he had given it back to the guard, contenting himself by confiscating the latter's weapons.

It was for this reason that, although he held up people but did not take their money, that Red Gulch called him "The Meddler."

As Sheriff Bill Ramsay remarked:

"This feller must be clean loco to run the risk of ten years in a State prison just for collecting revolvers and rifles, for though as yet he ain't took no money, he's a robber, just the same. Besides, it's sort of throwing a slur on this burg when a feller defies the law jest for the sake of meddling with it."

The sheriff was very sore about The Meddler, and it was well known that he would much sooner catch this mysterious highwayman than the whole gang of the rustlers who had for the past few months been raiding the cattle of the ranchers.

Many and varied were the conjectures as to the reason of The Meddler's strange conduct. Some were of the opinion that he was seeking a particular person, and that he merely took the weapons from those he held up as a safeguard against them pursuing him.

Others held that The Meddler was a man with a peculiar sense of humour, who was willing to risk his liberty to keep up a joke.

Another source of speculation was the identity of The Meddler's companion, for though the mysterious outlaw always carried out his hold-ups alone, there had been seen on several occasions a horseman dressed like himself who waited in the distance. This figure was of such slight build that many were of the opinion The Meddler's companion was a girl, though none had ever got near enough to test this theory.

All these surmises were wrong, as might have been proved had any one of the citizens of Red Gulch followed the bandit to his lair in the mountains after he had held up the Crosby stage.

Seated in front of a little cave, the outlaw was packing two revolvers and a sawed-off shot-gun in a wooden box. Having nailed down the box, he wrote the following address on the label: "Miss Dorothy Parkhurst, The Elms, Fifth Avenue, New York."

"All ready, Jeeves," he called out, and a young man came out from the cave.



This was The Meddler's companion, and his slight figure and beardless face was sufficient justification for the mistake made in thinking he was a girl.

"Change into some rig less redolent of our romantic calling, Jeeves," said the outlaw, "and then ride with this box to Pike Junction and see it on the train. And you can post this letter at the same time."

The Meddler took a letter from his pocket and, before sealing up the envelope he read it aloud.

My dear Dorothy,—By this mail I am sending you a further supply of weapons taken by me in what is known here as a hold-up. I daresay you have read in the newspapers about my exploits, and if you have not you will see by the placard I enclose that there is a reward of two thousand dollars for my capture. I think I have proved to you by these acts that because a man is born to a business life, and leads it in accordance with the humdrum conditions of the city, he need not necessarily be lacking in courage, imagination, or romance. You said I had never had a thrill in my life, nor ever given you a thrill when you broke off our engagement. I certainly have had many thrills since I took up the old profession of robber, and I hope you will get a thrill when you see these weapons. If you ever change your mind about our engagement and wish it renewed, you have only to drop a line to me, Post Restante, Pike Junction, and I will return.

Still faithfully yours,

RICHARD GILMORE.

"What is your unbiased opinion of that epistle, Jeeves?" asked Gilmore.

"That I hope she doesn't change her mind," replied Jeeves, emphatically. "To tell the solid truth, Mr. Gilmore, I have no desire to leave the wild charms of Red Gulch for the old

musty city office. I have lived for the first time since we left New York, and I want to go on living. Before that we merely existed. Not for all your millions would I willingly go back to New York."

"There's something in what you say, Jeeves," admitted Gilmore. "I came out here to gratify the whim of a woman, but I've got to like the life. We're different men to what we were in Wall Street, Jeeves. A forty-mile ride or a twenty-mile walk only gives us an appetite and not a tired feeling. Of course, there's always the chance that the sheriff will get us, and then we'd be more shut up than ever we were in Wall Street."

"It's worth taking a chance," said Jeeves. "And I don't think the sheriff will get us. Brains count in this business, as it does in any other, and without any flattery you've certainly got it on the sheriff when it comes to the grey matter."

"I'm not worried about the sheriff, really," said Gilmore, folding the letter and placing it in the envelope. "I'll wait for you here. I won't be wise to go to Mother Hogan's till this last hold-up has blown over."

Jeeves mounted his horse and Gilmore lashed the box to the back of the saddle.

"Make sure about the mail," he called out as Jeeves rode off.

The next evening Jeeves came back to the camp in the mountains. He brought with him a number of newspapers, but no letter from Dorothy Parkhurst. Gilmore said nothing but he was disappointed. But he recovered his spirits when he read accounts of his exploits in the papers.

Most of the editors regarded The Meddler as a gift of the gods for providing them with amusing copy, but one or two of the old-fashioned sort were highly indignant at the way the bandit flaunted the law, and they demanded that Sheriff Ramsay should be deposed unless he could capture The Meddler.

"That roasting will make Ramsay sorer than ever," said Gilmore. "And just to rub it in I'm going to hold the station stage up to-morrow."

"That's nerve," said Jeeves, admiringly, "Right under the sheriff's nose, eh?"

"Yes, but that's the last place he'll be looking for me. The trail from the railway station to Canfield's ranch is only five miles from Red Gulch, and nobody would dream I'd take a chance and get so close to the town. But I've meant to cut the comb of that driver for some time. Hickory Dan has been boasting what he'll do for me if ever he runs across my trail, and I'm going to give him the chance."

The Meddler Takes a Prisoner

THE next afternoon The Meddler and Jeeves were in hiding behind a bluff when the station stage from Red Gulch came in sight. The stage was an open Ford truck, and was used for carrying passengers to the ranches, and also for goods.

As it swung round a bend near the bluff, almost hidden in the cloud of dust it was raising, Gilmore galloped out and covered the driver with his gun.

"Up with 'em quick, Dan!" he shouted.

The driver made no attempt to reach for the two big revolvers that were in his holsters, but stopped the car and threw up his hands with a celerity that made Gilmore laugh.

"You talk big but act small, Dan," he said jeeringly. "I heard that you were going to show the sheriff how to run his job if ever you met me. Now stand still while I relieve you of your ironmongery. A fellow like you hasn't any use for two good guns."

He rode his horse up and took the driver's two revolvers.

Then for the first time he noticed there was a passenger in the car.

It was a girl, and she had not been visible over the top of the side dust screens. As Dick Gilmore looked at her she smiled.

"If I had been armed I could have drilled you, Mr. Meddler," she said.

"It would not have been fair fighting," laughed Dick. "Since I do not make war on women you have no cause to attack me."

"It is the duty of every citizen to capture or kill an outlaw," she said severely, but there was a twinkle in her eyes that belied the tone.

Gilmore rode his horse to the side of the car and removed his sombrero with a flourish.

"May I know your name, lady?" he asked.

"Sure, I'm not ashamed of it. I'm Gloria Canfield, and when my brother learns you've held me up, he'll take the law into his own hands."

"Even if he captured me this meeting would have been worth it," said Dick.

And he meant it. He had never seen a prettier girl than Gloria Canfield, and for the first time since he had left New York he forgot all about Dorothy Parkhurst. This disloyalty did not trouble him a bit. If ever there was a case of love at first sight he was the victim.

"Well, why don't you get on with your job, Mr. Meddler?" challenged the girl. "I don't know that you'll get much booty, but there's some prime cheese and bacon in the crate on the front."

"If you know anything about me at all, you must know that I am not in this game for filthy lucre. As for cheese and bacon. How can you deprecate this romantic meeting by mentioning such mundane and smelly things?"

"You're the queerest bandit I ever met," said the girl. "Are you doing this for the pictures or what?"

"For love," replied Dick solemnly. "At least I was, and now I come to think of it I'm going to keep on doing it for love. But not the same love," he added hurriedly.

"I think you're mad," said Gloria.

"All lovers are mad. But since I have met you I've become sane and mad again. You must let me tell you all about it."

As he spoke he stooped down from the saddle and caught Gloria round the waist.

She gave a little scream as he lifted her and placed her on his saddle bow.

"Drive on, Dan," called out Gilmore. "This lady and I are going to have a little chat."

Seeing that he was in earnest, Gloria tried to break away, but he held her too tightly, and as he started his horse she ceased to struggle.

When he had galloped about a mile he reined in and placed her gently on the ground.

Gloria faced him with anger in her eyes, but he looked so comically contrite that she burst out laughing.

"You're crazy," she said. "Whatever made you do that?"

"Would you have had that lot of a driver listen while we talked of love?" he said reproachfully.

"I had not the slightest intention of talking of love."

"But I had. You asked me a question, and I went to answer it. It was love that drove me to this bandit business. I assure you that up to six months ago I was a perfectly respectable citizen. Much too perfect and much too respectable. I came to find Romance and I have found it."

"You must be crazy," said Gloria, not knowing what to make out of this strange bandit.

"You said that before, and I admitted it. Let me tell you the truth, Miss Canfield. I am a bandit for the sheer love of adventure. I hold-up but I do not rob."

"You'll find the State won't accept that plea when you're captured. But really, this doesn't interest me. What are you going to do with me? You've taken me a mile from the trail and I'm quite four miles from our ranch. Surely you don't intend to make me walk home?"

"I really ought to carry you off to my retreat," he answered. "That's what the bandits I read about as a boy always did. But I can't do that."

"I should like to see you try it," snapped Gloria. "You would never get me on that horse again."

"I could, but I should not attempt to try. I'm much too tender-hearted to do the cave-man stuff. Candidly, I think the cave man is a much over-rated hero. I am all for the robber of the Middle Ages. There was something romantic

about him, if you like. Your cave man has nothing but his strength to recommend him."

Love's Captive

"YOU'RE pretty good at the cave-man stuff, as you call it. When you lifted me out of the car, for instance."

"That was necessary if we were to have our chat in comfort."

"The wish for that was all on your side. I wanted to get home with the bacon and cheese."

Dick made a gesture of reproach.

"Do not let us refer to those articles of diet. The very mention of them takes the gilt edge of romance off this meeting. As for getting home, rest assured I shall see to that. You can ride my horse, and I will walk."

"I couldn't allow that. After all, you've been rather nice, and I wouldn't like to be the cause of the sheriff capturing you. If you care to give me a ride as far as the trail, I'll wait there till some vehicle comes along."

"Then may I suggest we ride back the way we came."

"Bashfulness is not one of your weak points, Mr. Meddler," said Gloria, smiling. "But what would Red Gulch say of me if I were seen riding on your saddle-bow?"

"That I was a very lucky man," replied Dick promptly. "Allow me to assist you to your palfrey."

He cupped his hands to make a step, and, with a little laugh, Gloria put her foot in his hands and swung lightly into the saddle. Dick mounted and they rode off.

"Do you know," he said, "I regret being a bandit for the first time since I took up the profession."

"Why?"

Gilmore removed his sombrero with a flourish.

"May I know your name, lady?" he asked.

"Sure; I'm not ashamed of it. I'm Gloria Canfield, and when my brother learns you've held me up, he'll take the law into his own hands."



turning her eyes and looking him straight in the face. "Yes; but it is right that you should use the past tense. That lady's opinions concern me no more. So far as women are concerned, I am free."

"I'm not interested," said Gloria. "All the same, I think you were a bit of an idiot to risk your liberty just to show a woman you could be a bold bandit."

"True; but the funny part is that I have enjoyed the life. I was still enjoying it until I met you. Now I want to be respectable again, so that I can call on you."

"Do you talk like that to every girl you capture?" "You are my first captive, and it is I who am really the prisoner. But I glory in my captivity."

"You're really hopeless," said Gloria. "You must think I am a silly school kid to believe that kind of talk."

"It is the simple truth. But here we are at the cross-roads. Allow me."

Dick caught Gloria gently round the waist and lowered her to the ground.

"You certainly are strong," she said. "Now you had better ride off."

"I shall wait till some vehicle comes along," he said, swinging himself from the saddle. "By the way, Miss Canfield, I've just thought of an idea which might get me my pardon. You know there has been a lot of rustling going on here?"

"Yes, my brother has been one of the biggest sufferers."

"Well, if I captured those rustlers, don't you think the authorities might give me a pardon? I have never robbed anybody except of their weapons."

"They might, but you had better ride off now. See that cloud of dust on the rise? If I am not mistaken, that hides the sheriff and his posse, and probably my brother and his cowboys, all intent on your capture."

"I ride, fair Gloria," said Dick. "But bid me Godspeed as did the ladies to their knights in the brave old days."

"I'll wish you luck, and you'll need it unless you ride now. Good-bye."

As Dick mounted and rode off she called out after him one word.

It was "Godspeed!"

Gloria was smiling when her brother and the sheriff's posse rode up.

"Thank heaven you're safe, Gloria," said Jeff Canfield. "But The Meddler will pay for this. He'll find that Judge Lynch isn't dead in Nevada."

"Don't be silly, Jeff," said Gloria. "The Meddler is not a ruffian, but a very romantic bandit. He treated me with the utmost deference, and I've had the thrill of my life. I hope the sheriff does not catch him."

Jeff Canfield looked hard at his sister.

"Humph!" he muttered, and turned to the sheriff.

"Guess he went north. If you'll let me have that Ford I'll drive Gloria to the ranch. My boys will join your posse. It's time this Meddler was caught."

"I mean to hang on his trail till I get him this time," said the sheriff.

As she rode home with her brother, Gloria found herself almost praying that the sheriff would not catch The Meddler. She kept telling herself that this wish was only natural because the bandit had treated her so chivalrously, but deep down in her heart she knew there was another reason. The mystery of the man fascinated her.

It was with great relief, therefore, that she learned on the following day that The Meddler had escaped the posse. They had tracked him to Mother Hogan's cabin, but he had escaped by a ruse.

A Succession of Thrills

THREE days later, while Jeff Canfield was reading a newspaper in the sitting-room of his ranch, the door opened quietly and The Meddler appeared.

The rancher knew him at once from the description his sister had given of the bandit.

"You've got a sauce to come here," he said, half-rising from his chair.

"Sit down, I want to talk to you, Canfield," said Dick. "You know Bud Meyer?"

"What if I do?" growled the rancher.

"Only this. He and his gang are coming over here this afternoon and are going to raid your place. They plan to carry off Miss Canfield and steal your cattle."

"That's more in your line, Meddler," said Canfield. "Bud Meyer is not a rustler."

"So everybody thinks, but I know he is because I heard him planning this raid with two of his men. I've come to warn you."

"And you'll be sorry you came," shouted Canfield, showing the muzzle of his revolver through the newspaper. "Don't move, Meddler. I've got you covered."

But even as he spoke Dick leapt at him and knocked the revolver flying.

There was a short struggle, and Dick got Canfield down.

But as he was about to pick up the revolver there came a warning from the door.

"Don't touch that or I'll shoot."

It was Gloria.

"A nice lot of fairy tales you told me the other day," she said scornfully. "I suppose you came to rob the house."

"You're wrong," said Dick. "I came to warn your brother that Bud Meyer had planned that, and he also means to abduct you."

"Don't believe a word of it, Gloria," said her brother. "Keep him covered while I get my gun."

But as Canfield bent down to pick up his revolver, Jeeves appeared in the doorway with two guns and covered him and Gloria.

"It's the truth you've been told," said Jeeves. "Meyer and his bunch are within a mile of the ranch now."

"And we've got to save you, whether you like it or not," said Dick. "March Miss Canfield in the coach-house, partner, and lock her in. I'll look after Canfield."

But when Canfield saw Bud Meyer and his men riding for the ranch he decided that The Meddler was telling the truth.

"We'll spring the surprise on them," he said. "We'll hide here and rush them as they enter. There's only four, and Meyer is sure to leave one outside on watch."

When Meyer and two of his men came in the ranch they were attacked by Dick, Jeeves, and Canfield. In the fight Meyer made his escape, but Dick and Canfield got the other two, and made them prisoners.

But when they went to the coach-house to release Gloria they saw her riding away, pursued by Meyer. Dick jumped on his horse and galloped after them.

He was rapidly gaining on them when Gloria's horse fell and threw her.

Meyer, who saw he was being pursued, rode past Gloria, being now solely concerned in making his escape.

As Dick slowed up Gloria rose from the ground and waved her hand.

"I'm all right," she called out. "Go after Meyer." Dick rode on, and Gloria followed on foot. In another quarter of a mile Dick came up with Meyer as he was crossing a stream, and brought him out of the saddle, though he fell with him in the water.

A terrific fight followed, which ended at last in Dick's favour.

He dragged the rustler out of the water, disarmed him, and set him on his feet.

"Walk!" he ordered. "I reckon the sheriff will be pleased to see you."

Dick helped Gloria into the saddle, and he led the horse. In this manner the three reached the ranch.

There Dick learned that the two men they had captured had made a full confession of the cattle stealing they had carried out under the leadership of Meyer. When the sheriff arrived and heard this it did not take Canfield long to persuade him to forget all about The Meddler.

"What he did was just for fun," said Canfield, who had been well primed by Gloria. "But he's ended the cattle rustling and the credit will be all yours."

"So long as he don't get running around and meddling with the bandit game I guess I can forget the past," said the sheriff.

"You can bet your boots he's through with that game," said Canfield. "He's a captive himself now. Look!"

The sheriff turned and saw The Meddler walking with Gloria, and as he watched them they stopped, and The Meddler caught Gloria's hands.

"I guess he's asking the old, old question," chuckled the sheriff.

"And he's got the answer he wished," remarked Canfield, as he saw The Meddler clasp Gloria in his arms.

Adapted by permission of the European Film Company, from incidents in the Universal photo-play featuring William Desmond as Dick.

Two Delightful "MABS" FREE PATTERNS

MABS "Different-at-Every-Dance-Frock" in To-day's HOME CHAT

The better half of the joy of a dance is being able to say, "What Frock Shall I Wear?" HOME CHAT (now on sale) is GIVING AWAY that delicious feeling with a FREE PATTERN this week. The pattern has been specially designed by "MABS" and from it you can make at least seven different frocks. Next week's HOME CHAT will contain another Mabs Pattern from which you can easily make the Beginner's COAT FROCK. Make sure of them both by giving a regular order for

HOME CHAT

Now On Sale. 2d. Buy a Copy TO-DAY!



FROM THE BACK ROW

COMMENTS ON CINEMATIC THINGS IN GENERAL

Doctor Cinema

THE racking headache which is my unwelcome guest as I sit tapping out these words on my typewriter makes me wish I could put all thought of work behind me and hie me to the nearest picture theatre. A funny wish, you will say, for someone with a bad head; but, believe me, not so foolish as it sounds. On several occasions when I have had a miserable headache, and my nerves have felt like going all to pieces, I have paid a visit to the movies with beneficial results. It's just marvellous what the mere fact of having something different to look at and to take one "out of oneself" will do. Just you try it next time you feel as blue as I do at the moment!

Fragmenary

Announcement on banner outside cinema:

"A LOST LADY"

In Six Parts.

Apparently not so much lost as scattered.

A Walking Bank

HAVE you noticed how prone the screen heroine is to use the neck of her blouse or gown as a species of bank? Grandfather's long-lost will, the plans of the mine, an incriminating letter—all or any of these may at any moment be produced from this intimate hiding place. I can no more imagine the modern girl going about with documents of this kind thus concealed on her person than I can imagine her in a bustle, yet even the most up-to-date movie heroine still adheres to a custom popular enough in old film days, but one which the picturegoer of to-day might reasonably assume to be dead. I wonder why? And, anyway, what a silly thing to do—at any time!

Don't You Hate the Loller?

IT is always a mystery to me why some people who behave like ordinary civilised human beings inside a theatre promptly forget all their good manners the moment they enter a cinema. This striking and highly original observation is wrung from me by the remembrance of the behaviour of a young man who was my neighbour at a recent film performance. Though in all probability he had paid for but one seat, he sat, or rather lolled, on two, his attitude bringing his muddy boot into unpleasant proximity with my nice clean skirt. Naturally, I summoned from my armoury the most deadly looks of which I am capable, but not until I requested him in so many words to put his feet on the place provided for them, did he see fit to alter his position. Of all cinema pests, I do think the loller is one of the worst.

A Little More Light, Please

IF one arrives at a cinema when the performance is in progress, the attendant is usually careful to light one safely down any steps, but I do wish that some of these young damsels, having escorted a patron to his particular row, would not abandon him there, but show him right into his seat. To have the electric torch suddenly switched off just at the moment when one has to battle by a lot of legs, to say nothing of various articles in people's laps, is to have the darkness and the discomfort of everyone concerned made more acute. Also, there is always the danger of alighting upon someone's hat, since managements steadfastly refuse to provide some sort of accommodation for the headgear of their patrons, and an empty seat is always a temptation in this respect. So, a little more light, young torch-bearer, if you please!

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF VINCENT COLEMAN



Accusing.

THE ACTOR WITH THE USEFUL HOBBY

How Vincent Coleman, Stage and Screen Actor, Spends the Time During the
:: Waits Between His Work ::



His profile.

IN private life Vincent Coleman does not look a bit like an actor, and so many people think that probably he followed another profession before he took up his present one; but as a matter of fact, Mr. Coleman has been an actor all his life, or at any rate since he was ten years old.

He confesses that he used to run away from school and go round to various theatres to see if there were any boy parts which he might fill. He was nearly always lucky enough to find something which would give him a chance to walk on the stage; but it was when he was twelve years old that he obtained his first real engagement. This was with a well-known stock company with which he remained for two seasons; after that he played continuously with various companies until six years ago, when he first tried film work. Since then he has divided his time between the stage and screen.

He Does not Know Which He Prefers

VINCENT COLEMAN, when asked the question that every actor who works both for the stage and screen is asked at some time or another, that is, which he really prefers, says that he does not know.

"I've made a lot of pictures," he says, "but I've done ten times as much work on the stage, and yet, somehow, I'm not really sure yet in which field I will find the greatest opportunities. My 'great opportunity' naturally must be in the work which will make me most happy. But I can't tell now which that is.

"Sometimes—not so very long ago, for instance, when I was working with Constance Binney—I felt that the screen would eventually be my choice. Playing with so sweet a girl as 'Connie' in such congenial surroundings as exists at the studio where we were working would make anyone want to stick to pictures.

"But it was not long before I changed again. I had just completed another picture when I was sent for to read the script of a stage play. The play appealed to me immensely, and after I had read it right through I was again sure that



VINCENT COLEMAN.

If you want to write to him address your letter:

VINCENT COLEMAN,
c/o "Picture Show,"
Suite 523, Taft Building,
Hollywood,
California.

the stage was the only place for me. I couldn't take the part just then, because picture contracts interfered—and soon I was just as strong for pictures as ever!"

He Takes His Work Seriously

IT may seem from these remarks of Mr. Coleman's that he is continuing in his work without any definite aim or ambition, but this is far from true. He has been working conscientiously at the "acting business" for years, in fact, he took his work very seriously even at the age of ten, when he ran away from school to get a chance to walk on the stage.

He devotes a good deal of his spare time to the study of the theatre, for, as he puts it, "there is nothing in the theatre, however good or bad, that doesn't offer innumerable suggestions to me for my own work."

His Useful Hobbies

VINCENT COLEMAN cannot bear to be idle during the waits which occur at a film studio, or during the time he has to wait in his dressing-room at a theatre, and he fills up the time with his very useful hobbies, which mostly consist in altering old or ordinary things into something worth while.

One day at the theatre when he was changing after the first act he espied an old blue coat, part of a discarded costume. Two days later this old coat had been transformed into a lovely lampshade for his dressing-room—the frame consisted of split bamboo that he had cut from an old broom handle which he found knocking about behind the stage.

He does not leave his hobbies behind him at the studio or the theatre; at home he is constantly digging up some discarded article which represents to him, though it couldn't to anyone else, a potential card table, book-rack, or something else. In his home there is the most comfortable piece of furniture imaginable—a great, almost square couch, and Vincent will confide to you that it was just a cheap iron bedstead with the posts sawn off!



Incredulous.



Pleased.



"Oh, my poor head!"



A penetrating gaze.



Debonair.



T. C. ELDER, who gave "Picture Show" readers a big chance.

T. C. Elder and the "Picture Show" Star
HERE is wonderful news about the photographs sent in by those readers who took "a sporting chance," and sent in their photographs to PICTURE SHOW.

Mr. T. C. Elder, Managing Director of the Stoll Picture Productions, Ltd., tells me that Miss Sybil Rhoda, the Devonshire girl who took part in the test, is now playing in one of the new Stoll productions, and here are the names of the girls who were offered a "test" as a result of the chance given on this page: Misses Clare O'Shaughnessy, Lilian Ash, Gwennie Harrison, E. Tainsh, Molly Weeks, E. M. Richards, Roma Louise Rothwell, Phyllis Brettell, Violet Mather, Mary Eileen Buckland, Phyllis Gerton, Sybil Rhoda, Nancy Baird.

Miss Rhoda's photograph is published on our cover this week and photographs of the other girls will be published in a later issue.

The Story of Sybil Rhoda

SYBIL RHODA, who is a Plymouth girl, was educated at The Convent of Notre Dame, Plymouth.

From the time she was quite a little girl she has done a lot of amateur theatrical work, but the great wish of her life has always been to go on the pictures and become a film star.

Her parents, however, would not hear of her doing this, but constant dropping of water wears away the stone, and so persistent was she that at last they allowed her to come to London and try her luck.

Miss Rhoda much to her disappointment found that she was unable to obtain any picture work, and so she made up her mind to go on the stage and wait her opportunity to prove her worth on the screen.

She first went on tour in "The Merry Widow" and "Gipsy Love" companies, and then into Grossmith and Malone's company of "The Cabaret Girl," and after playing in the chorus of this company on two tours, she was given the part of "Lily de Jigger."

Miss Rhoda then took a long vacation, and during this time, still with the one great desire for picture work, she entered two beauty competitions, when she won the local prize at Plymouth and the second prize for the Beauty of the West.

She then returned to London and entered the chorus of "Rose Marie" at the Drury Lane Theatre. Being a constant reader of the PICTURE SHOW, the paragraph asking for a beautiful girl of seventeen caught her eye, and on the advice of someone she made up her mind to try her luck, and sent in her photograph. This with 14 others was chosen from among about five thousand applicants. Much to her delight she was asked to attend with the other fourteen at Stoll Studios where the test was

Round the British Studios

made, and she is to-day one of the happiest girls in England, for as a result of the test she has been chosen to play a part in Stoll's latest big picture—the part of Melody in "Sahara Love."

H. E. Hayward Productions

PAULINE JOHNSON, the beautiful golden-haired British star, has been playing in a series of six two-reel farces, which are being put out under the name of "The Royalty Film Farces," directed by Harcourt Templeman. These farces are taken out-doors, I hear from Mr. Hayward, at country estates, at Henley-on-Thames from house-boats, and at other riverside resorts, the idea being that whilst we cannot successfully compete with American Studios because of their equipment, we can beat America out-doors, because of our beautiful scenery, and the locations have been selected with great care. Number one and number two have had a Press Show, and number three has just been filmed. Number four will be done by the sea on the South Coast. "We are also producing a series of six British one-reel scenic films," Mr. H. E. Hayward tells me. "The first three are entitled 'The Beauty Spots of Scotland,' two of which have had a Press Show, the third is completed, and we are following up with the Norfolk Broads, Westmorland, and the Lake District, and North Wales. This series will probably be extended to embrace Ireland."

"Having our own Renting Organisation, which handles 'The Famous Music Masters' series, 'The Lost Chord,' 'Dutch Custom' series, etc., which are booked by all the leading theatres throughout the country, it enables us as a young producing organisation to work for a market which is practically assured. Everything we control has received very high markings, and we look forward to the future with every confidence, as we feel that by commencing in a small way we can build up an organisation and make steady progress on behalf of the British Film Industry."

"Being the owner of the New Royalty Kinema, Brixton, I have always made a point of showing every British film available, and have the name in the industry of the 'Champion' of British films, and it is to assist in building up the industry that we have formed the producing department to further the good work."

Two Fine Stars

THERE are no finer stars in their way than Henry Victor and Edward O'Neill. Both men of determination, both masters not

only of the technique of their craft, but also of their emotions. In tense situations, as the one depicted on this page from "The Duke's Secret," where Edward O'Neill plays the Duke of Bridport, each man is seen very much on his mettle—and Henry Victor, passionate, determined, is crying out, "I hope you are content now that your snobbery has cost two people their unhappiness." Edward O'Neill is strictly the intellectual type of man. He has fine features, and very bright brown eyes. In private life he is just as delightful as he is on the screen.

Sydney Seaward

MAJOR SNAZLE, the artful villain in Walter West's great racing picture, "Trainer—Temptress," is the distinguished actor, who has been playing for months and months in "It Pays to Advertise"—Sydney Seaward, the hero of many fine films. His type is rather that of the strong silent man persuasion. He is tall, handsome, and has a quiet deliberate manner—I think you will agree that he is another very likeable "villain"—but he can play other parts, too, especially the type who stands aside so that true love may come to the one being whom he adores. He was at one time considered a perfect Ethel M. Dell hero—and for that reason it was in screen adaptations of her books that he played so successfully.

Juliette Compton

TALL, dark, vivacious, and with a bright and independent outlook on life, Juliette Compton has a delightful personality. When I met her in the Alliance Studios, she was wearing just the cutest little frock that I have ever seen. It was very short—and here I hope I may be pardoned for saying that Juliette Compton has beautiful legs. Her frock was blue and it was trimmed with gold leather.

Juliette Compton's features are delicate and refined, her hair black and shingled, and she wore a "chie" little black felt hat with a "saucy" little feather at the side. You see, she's a vamp, the villageess in the Walter West racing picture. Juliette has a dear little dog, a Japanese spaniel, who adoringly follows his mistress from pillar to post, and yet he has the brains to know that he is to be "one of the audience" when his mistress faces the camera.

EDITH NEPEAN.



HENRY VICTOR and EDWARD O'NEILL as they appear in "The Duke's Secret."

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR FASCINATING NEW SERIAL STORY TO-DAY

The GIRL from HOLLYWOOD

By SCOTT LEADER



Read This First

JENNY DAWES is looking round the shops in the West End, when a girl, who is being watched by a woman in grey, asks her the way. When Jenny directs her back into Oxford Street, she gets into a smart little two-seater in which a young man is waiting for her.

Jenny hurries to fulfil a tea engagement with a friend of hers, Fred Rivers, who is a newspaper man. During the course of conversation, he mentions Dorna Drewe, a famous film star who is over in England on a visit, and immediately Jenny realises that it was Dorna Drewe who had asked her the way.

Fred points out a man sitting in the hotel, and tells Jenny that he is Hiddlestone, who is just two days out of prison, after serving a sentence for manslaughter. Presently a woman joins him, and Fred passes on the information that it is Mrs. Hiddlestone. With a start, Jenny realises that it is the woman in grey.

The next day Jenny again sees Dorna Drewe, but there is a great change in her. Whereas the day before she had been the essence of smartness, she is now quite ordinary. Something seems to impel the other girl to follow her, and when she enters an unpretentious hotel near Russell Square, Jenny goes in and asks for a room. As she goes to sign the register, she looks at Dorna Drewe's entry, and sees—Mrs. Edith Hiddlestone.

Jenny is given a room quite near that of the film star, and presently she hears a man's voice threatening Dorna Drewe. When he comes out of the room, Jenny catches a glimpse of him: it is ex-convict Hiddlestone. Later on, when she calls at the "Gazette" office to see Fred Rivers, she meets the owner of the two-seater whom she had seen with Dorna Drewe in Oxford Street. He speaks to her, and asks her if she would care to be a kind of understudy for Miss Drewe. His name is Clifford Raneham, and he is vice-president of the Cosmo Film Corporation.

Everything is fixed up, and the next day they leave for the Continent, where scenes for a new film are to be made, and everywhere Jenny is accepted as Dorna Drewe.

Then Dorna turns up and she tells Jenny her story. It was some time after she married Hiddlestone that she discovered his true character. When he went to prison she found some papers that incriminated not only him but some very famous men, but she determined to protect him for the sake of her son Ronnie. When he came out of prison she offered to destroy the evidence she had if he would break away from the gang and go out of the country. He only laughed.

Dorna determines to go on with the film and Jenny is given a part in it; but just before her big scene Jenny is abducted by some men in a car.

(Now read on.)

At the Journey's End

THE big car had been travelling at high speed for several minutes, and Jenny was preparing another violent protest when her

captors allowed her to sit up and throw off the cloak that enveloped her head and shoulders. The ordeal had left her hot and dishevelled and half-suffocated, and she sat for a moment gathering her breath and staring, first at the unfamiliar country flashing past, then at the men who faced her.

As she already knew, they were her pet aversions—blue-suit from London and his henchman, the enormously fat German. The men at the wheel she saw at a glance to be the liveried young Frenchman who had made up the party of three at the café in Strasbourg.

"Sorry, miss," said blue-suit, with a clumsy sort of respect. "But it had to be done."

"Yeas," nodded the big Teuton. "If I had to be rough, madame, I to you apologise."

Jenny was not afraid, just terribly dismayed. The car, a huge saloon, was the last word in luxury—and speed. It was a car built for long journeys. Its high-powered engine was eating up great stretches of road at a pace nothing else on wheels could hope to keep up with. Jenny gave up a wild hope that her abduction had been noticed. She had been trapped so neatly that it would be some time before Raneham could possibly suspect what had happened.

She had been waiting to take part in the big scene in the new film—the scene, incidentally, that was to immortalise her, and ensure her motocic flight to fame on the screen. That seemed over now, and Jenny's eyes flashed something of her chagrin. But other thoughts came tumbling in.

It might easily have been Dorna Drewe whom these ruffians had taken off. It was Dorna they wanted, and Jenny had no doubt that she had been carried off in mistake for the star.

"If this is an advertising stunt, I've had enough of it," said Jenny, recognising the futility of escape.

"It ain't nothing of the kind, miss," said blue-suit. "Sorry!"

"There is nothing of the joke in it," added the German.

"No, there's precious little joke in it," Jenny retorted. "It will mean prison for the pair of you—not that that will be a new experience."

Blue-suit blinked his little eyes, as if at another time he could have treated this as a joke; otherwise the pair were immobile and solemn.

"How much farther are you taking me?" Jenny went on, anxiety beginning to take the place of disgust.

"Better make yourself comfortable, miss," answered blue-suit. "It's a longish way. I can't tell you where we're bound for, but it'll take us till pretty near midnight."

"Yeas, madame had better make the preparation," nodded the mountainous Teuton. Jenny stared.

"But it's impossible! I can't in this!"

Startled, she looked down on her peasant's costume, on the impossible woollen stockings and sabots. For the moment, mysteries weren't in it. To be dumped down somewhere ten hours' journey from one's own clothes was stretching the imagination rather far.

"Sorry, miss, but it had to be done," said blue-suit.

He was still watchful, but he dropped a little of his solemn respectfulness, and leaned back more at his ease on the thickly padded seat.

"Madame had better take it—what you say?—sitting down," suggested the Teuton, who was apparently content to take his cues from Jenny's own countryman.

Jenny felt limp.

"What is the idea?" she demanded, and,

angry and dismayed, she dared a question: "Where is Mr. Hiddlestone?"

Instantly, two pairs of ears pricked up. They stared at her, and blue-suit was inclined to scowl.

"That's not for us to say. You'd better wait, miss. Our instruction is to get you—where you're wanted. When that's done, we're finished. Understand? I dare say you'll see the man you want soon enough."

"I hope so," said Jenny, quite viciously.

She was sorry she hadn't asked outright: "Where is my husband?" It was apparent that her captors were giving nothing away, and whether or not they believed her to be Dorna Drewe it was impossible to decide.

The big car thrummed steadily through the waning afternoon. From the lie of the mountains, Jenny concluded that they were going in a westerly direction. They came past peaceful inland seas—the beautiful lake country Jenny had heard about: majestic woods, valleys bathed in mystic twilight. Always on and on, with only the rhythmic puff of the engine exhaust to be heard.

Jenny got tired of speculating what lay at the journey's end. Blue-suit and his German friend, too, were hardly interesting as travelling companions. By a tacit arrangement, one took "forty winks," while the other kept sharp vigil. Jenny was tempted to keep them both awake, and once she examined the plate glass of the window in the forlorn hope of breaking it and attracting attention. But the glass was formidable, and she had no weapon but her bare fist. She gave up this hope eventually, and slept.

Some time later, she awoke to discover that they were passing through the outskirts of a large-sized town. From the quiet and the darkness, she saw that it was late. The blind had been drawn on the window nearest her and, when she raised it, neither of her gao'ors objected. They were both wide awake.

"If you don't mind, miss, no monkey tricks!" said the voice of blue-suit.

And, looking over at him in the half-shadow of the tonneau, Jenny saw that he held a glittering little object in his hand. A revolver! It was pointed at her, but, just waking up and still very drowsy, Jenny had no terrors.

"Is it as serious as that?" she asked, faintly amused. "I hope it doesn't go off!"

"T'sh!" Blue-suit was apparently unused to this sort of prisoner, and, in case Jenny should confound him more by asking to see the toy, he put it away in his pocket with a scowl.

"Ah, yes, madame, it is the big matter," warned the German, with a solemn wag of the head.

"Aren't we about there?" Jenny asked conversationally.

The German gazed profoundly on blue-suit. "No, not by a long chalk," growled out the latter. "Ask in another four or five hours."

"You are the rudest man I ever met!" Jenny flung at him; and drowsed again.

And still they went on and on, the purr of the engine a never-ending lullaby. Jenny had seen that they were right through the town and into the country once more. It was getting a little chilly, too. She found a warm rug on the seat beside her, and wrapped it about her knees. And she thought, or dreamed, of Dorna Drewe, and her part with Raymond Verney, and Raneham's alarm when she was not to be found, and Marie and her own mother, and Fred Rivers, and—everything that had

(Continued on page 24.)

Beautiful ALICE TERRY and BABY BRUCE GUERIN as they appear in "Confessions of a Queen."



GEORGIE HALE and BRUCE GUERIN in "The Salvation Hunters." This little four-year-old is already a full-fledged star, and is one of the most popular children in screenland.



NORMA TALMADGE'S work in "The Lady," when she left her baby for his own good, moved even hard-boiled critics to tears.

Other Peoples

A Baby is a "Sure-fire" Method of Evoking Sympathy

TRUTH was ever stranger than fiction.

The best mothers and fathers on the screen are those who are not mothers and fathers in real life.

Without casting aspersions on all the clever screen stars who play at "mothers and fathers" in celluloid, and then go home to their own children, the foregoing statement is a true one.

Has Vera Gordon, with all her art and experience, drawn from those in front of the screen as many tears as Lillian Gish, who has never as yet held her very own baby in her arms?

Can lovely Claire Windsor, who has a delightful little son, or Gloria Swanson, who possesses a second edition of her charming self, boast of having wrung as many hearts as little Mary Pickford when she has a baby to act with?

Mary has never had a baby; some say she never will have one; yet could anything be more natural or lovely than when she appears with her screen infant in "Tess of the Storm Country," or with the little orphan child who died in "Daddy Long Legs"?

Thomas Meighan, the Movie Encyclopedias tell us, has no children; but he is one of the best daddies in screenland. He has a way with him that makes children of all ages love him instinctively. The studio hands will corroborate this. Wherever Tom goes, on and off the "set", he is followed by a little army of kiddies. Some of them are little actors and actresses, but most of them are just kids belonging to the stars or the dressers or even the extra ladies and gentlemen.

Tom has plenty of pockets, and an unfailing supply of candies; also an unfailing supply of jokes and stories. Is it any wonder the studio kiddies adore him? He counts his screen children in hundreds, but, alas, alack! What are we going to do when Tom retires from the screen as he threatens, unless he sees old men Stork about sending along a small Tom to carry on the big Tom's good work?

It must be rather a sad experience for these stars, playing scenes day after day with the prettiest babies and children imaginable, and then having to hand them back to their own parents when the film is finished.

However, they seem to bear up under it very well.

Favourite Screen Parents

PRISCILLA DEAN had a baby. Priscilla Dean Moran, named after her. She is the child of L. A. Moran, a movie theatre owner in Garber, Okla., U.S.A. He brought his tiny daughter out to see her namesake whilst Priscilla Dean

WHEELER OAKMAN, Priscilla Dean's husband, gives a lesson in carpentry in "Outside The Law."



Children

Why in Screenland as in Everyday Life

was filming "Under Two Flags." It was a risky thing to do, and no one was at all surprised when the little one evinced a long desire to go on the screen. She will be a movie star herself some day. She has already appeared in several pictures.

Priscilla herself is lovely to watch with kiddies, as anyone who has seen "Drifting" will agree. So is her husband, Wheeler Oakman. So is May McAvoy; and so are Alice Terry and Bessie Love and Norma Talmadge.

Norma's work in "The Lady", when she left her baby for his own good, moved even hard-boiled critics to tears.

And no one who saw Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid" will ever forget that close up of him when his little companion was literally torn out of his arms. Charlie has a son of his own now, but when these scenes were taken this was not the case.

Mae Murray, that flippant little butterfly of the silver sheet, knows the way to the heart of every small boy she meets off the screen, just as surely as she does to the heart of every big boy she meets on (and off) it.

Betty Blythe, too, adores children. She learned "Yiddish" specially to be able to tell stories to some of the Jerusalem kiddies who appear with her in her new film, "Jacob's Well." This was not so difficult for her as it would be for you, for Betty has a real gift for languages. Not to speak of a real gift for telling funny stories.

Lillian Gish was made famous in a single day by her lovely and moving portrayal of "The Mother," rocking the Cradle of the Ages in Griffith's "Intolerance."

Then she gave us "Way Down East," perhaps her greatest

(Continued at foot of next column.)



PRISCILLA DEAN and her gold daughter, PRISCILLA DEAN MORAN. Little Priscilla, whose greatest ambition is to be a movie star, has already appeared in several pictures.

THOMAS MEIGHAN has no children, but he is one of the best daddies in screenland, and has a way with him that makes children of all ages love him instinctively.

This Week's Films

A Brief Criticism of the New Releases

"The Happy Ending" (Gaumont)

NO one need worry over the future of the British film industry if many more films of this calibre make their appearance. Government subsidies and charitable financial backing will alike be unnecessary.

"The Happy Ending" is a really good picture—good in every sense of the word. It is streets ahead of any other British effort to date so far as technique is concerned; more than that, it is entertaining enough to hold its own as a moneymaking proposition. And films, when we come to rock bottom facts concerning them, *must* be money making first and foremost, however hard it may seem to acknowledge it, however bitterly the snobs amongst us ignore or revile the sordid "commercial" basis upon which all things are inevitably based.

The theme of Ian Hay's play from which the picture was adapted is a particularly beautiful one. Jack Buchanan is the outstanding figure so far as acting is concerned. His portrayal of the charming, unscrupulous husband is a thoroughly satisfying piece of work which Menjou himself could not have bettered.

Fay Compton is ideally cast as the mother, playing with charm and a sweet placidity many real life mothers would do well to emulate.

Jack Hobbs, Donald Searle, Eric Lewis, Joan Berry, and Gladys Jennings complete the cast.

"Forty Winks" (F. L.)

CAPITAL comedy stuff this, sparkling, breezy, and as full of charm as the stage play from which it was adapted. Viola Dena has the lead, and, as usual, puts up a thoroughly sound performance. Eleanor Butterworth, as she portrays her, is a very captivating little person indeed, and we feel duly pleased when her handsome British lover (Raymond Griffith) succeeds in outwitting the bad lawyer who has had him "framed" for stealing valuable papers, to earn the conventional reward.

Anna May Wong (who will be remembered for her work in "The Thief of Bagdad") heads the supporting cast as a vamp—an extraordinarily effective one, too.

"The Girl of the Limberlost" (F. B. O.)

THOSE who read and liked "The Girl of the Limberlost" will have no faults to find with its film version. Mrs. Porter's narrative is followed faithfully, the acting is good, and the mounting splendid.

Those who have not read it or are inclined to be critical may find the trivial misunderstanding and love affairs of four people who are apparently imbued with a desire to create much ado about nothing a trifle pointless.

Gloria Grey is "The Girl." Other leading parts are taken by Cullen Landis, Raymond McKee, Gertrude Olmstead, and Emily Fitzroy.

"Learning to Love" (A. F. N.)

THE story, which is of the frankly frivolous type, concerns a sophisticated and naughty flapper. Heart troubles follow her wherever she goes, and after bungling affairs with no fewer than three youthful admirers she gets into a bit of a scrape. Her guardian, Seth Warner, helps her out, whereupon she shamelessly proceeds to add him to her already long list of conquests. Unfortunately for her, Seth is one of the "strong, silent" breed—and he marries her to teach her a lesson.

Antonio Moreno, as Seth, obviously enjoys playing the part of tutor to the adorable Constance Talmadge, and two delightful studies of vinegary old spinsters come from Emily Fitzroy and Edythe Chapman.

"The Dancers" (Fox)

AS far as technical qualities are concerned, "The Dancers" leaves little to be desired. The plot—which has been altered slightly for the purposes of screen adaptation—is not strong, but it has been cleverly unfolded, and those incidents which might, under less skilful treatment, very easily have left an unpleasant taste in the mouth, are most delicately treated. Characterisation is sound save in the case of Madge Bellamy, who plays the part of Una. She is scarcely strong enough to get over the one big scene allotted her, and falls a little flat as a result.

George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, and Freeman Wood are the other artistes featured.

"Lady of the Night" (J. M. G.)

THOUGH chiefly remarkable for the fine performance of Norma Shearer in a dual rôle, this picture has much to recommend it from the story value point of view, and its successful reception is pretty well assured.

George K. Arthur—better known perhaps as "Kipps"—has a really pleasing part in the supporting cast. Malcolm McGregor is the hero.

IRIS N. CARPENTER.

performance; again it was in the scenes with the baby that Lillian excelled herself.

Dorothy Gish, too, in "Romola" is at her best in her scenes with the infant son of the worthless "Tito." She and Lillian have many poignant moments in which the baby is the principal factor.

His Pet Grievance

THE exception which proves the rule is, in this case, Malcolm Tod. Malcolm, off the screen is a prime favourite with children. The boys follow him around in the hope of hearing him play his saxophone or Swanee whistle. Or he might even be persuaded to tell them what it feels like to be chased by German aeroplanes when the guns of one's own plane are temporarily out of action.

The girls like him because—well, take a look at him yourself.

But there was no unhappier actor in England than Malcolm Tod whilst "A Bachelor's Baby" was being screened. According to Tod, that baby did everything a baby can possibly do to exasperate a man who wasn't its father. It is his pet grievance, and though he is not a talkative fellow, he will hold forth for hours upon the sorrows of a screen parent.

Of course, every producer knows that a baby is what our American cousins call a "sure-fire attraction" in a film. It is pretty much the same in private life. But it would be interesting to try and find out whether the other rule applies, too. If so what a chance for War and other orphans.

JOSIE P. LEDERER.

Opening Chapters of a
Great New Romance
GABRIELLE
By W. B. MAXWELL
Author of "Vivien", "The Devil's Garden", "Mrs. Thompson", etc.

CHAPTER 1.

IT was closing time at a wholesale dressmaker's in Marylebone, and as the girls came down from the workroom to the first floor three of them heard their names shouted by the proprietress of the establishment. Mrs. Webb, or "Madame," as she was usually called, desired their presence in the office.

"Miss Deane, I want you a minnit . . . And you, too, Miss Yates . . . Not you, Miss Snell. But you, Miss Hopkins. . . Come here."

Fat, elderly, a little asthmatic, Madame sat at her desk and breathed hard. The three girls stood side by side, watching her, waiting for her to speak. Two were quite ordinary, typical, such girls as you may see by thousands any day of the week; but the third one, Gabrielle Deane, was very far from ordinary. Her pale face showed individuality and distinct character. Tall, slim, with dark hair and dark eyes, she had an air of dignity and refinement that you certainly would not expect to see in such a place and in such company. It was this one, Miss Deane, that Madame addressed, although her message concerned them all alike.

"Stock is accumulating on my hands," said Madame. "O' course, I know this is the dull season. September's a month that always breaks one's heart. But if the orders don't begin to come in"—and she coughed—"well, no one can keep more cats than there is mice to catch. If matters don't soon improve I shall have to make reductions in the staff. You know what I mean."

They knew what she meant. They walked down the stairs to the ground floor slowly and heavily, not singing or laughing. Indeed, nobody said a word until they were outside in the street. Then Miss Hopkins, the youngest of them, bade Miss Yates good night and spoke impulsively to Miss Deane.

"That has taken the stuffing out of me, anyhow. If you're not too proud come and have a cup of coffee to restore animation. My treat."

Miss Deane accepted the invitation, but said that each must pay her share.

Presently they were seated in a crowded tea-shop drinking their coffee and talking of the threat or warning that they had just received. The coffee revived the spirits of young Miss Hopkins. She made what she considered a joke, and giggled. Gabrielle Deane, however, still had pale cheeks, thoughtful eyes, and a very serious voice.

"Cheer up, Miss Deane. Her bark is worse than her bite. Besides, if she does have to sack some of us, it won't be *you* to be turned off."

"There you're wrong," said Gabrielle Deane. "It *will* be me—because I am the one that most needs the job. That's the pleasant little trick of fate always—to hit somebody that can't hit back, to give knocks to people who have been knocked about enough already." She spoke with force, and for a moment her manner was almost tragic. Then a flush came to her face; she pulled herself together and laughed ruefully. What I mean is, you all stand on your own feet. But I have somebody dependent upon me. I can't afford to be out of work—not for any length of time."

"Is that so?" The other girl, a common kindly creature, touched Miss Deane's hand with a sympathetic gesture and began to chatter volubly. "I was born one of the romantic sort. Nothing but romance would really satisfy me. I'm always wanting romantic things to happen—same as they do in books and plays. And, mind you, go where you like, it's there—that is, it's there right enough for the lucky ones. All the streets from morning to night must be full of wonderful things—I mean, things ready to happen . . . I'm sure they would to you, Miss Deane."

"Nothing ever does."

"If you won't let things happen, then of course they don't," said her companion laughingly.

Miss Deane laughed, too. The other's amusement had proved contagious. They parted laughingly; and as Gabrielle made her way into Oxford-street to catch a 73 omnibus she felt contented and self-confident. Why not wait for

troubles to come instead of going to meet them? As that chattering little Hopkins had suggested, one ought to be thankful for small mercies. It is good to be alive, healthy, and not twenty-eight years of age. No doubt it is also good to know that one is not altogether repulsive in appearance.

Leaving the bus at Knightsbridge, she walked briskly down the Brompton-road, past Harrod's brilliantly lighted windows, the furniture shop, the fruit shop, to the corner by the post-office.

She waited here to cross the road, conscious while she watched for her chance that a tall man stood beside her, also waiting to cross.

Before the chance came he dropped his walking-stick. It fell with a clatter on the pavement in front of her and she stepped aside to give him space to pick it up. But he did not do so. He left it lying there.

She stooped, picked up the stick, and gave it to him. Immediately he used it to support himself, seeming to lean on it heavily, and she saw him put his disengaged hand to his forehead.

"Thank you," he murmured. "Thank you so much."

"You are ill, aren't you?" said Gabrielle Deane. "Can't I help you? Shall I get a cab?"

"No—thank you very much. I was giddy—for a moment. That's all." And he stared at the houses on the other side of the road.

"You want to cross over," said Gabrielle Deane. "Do let me help you. Take my arm."

"You're too kind," he murmured vaguely. "But why should I trouble you? . . . Perhaps, if you are really so good—may I put my hand on your shoulder?"

"Why, of course."

She guided him across the road then and up the sloping pavement on the other side, and leaning on her and on his stick, too, and limping a little. Directly she stopped he took his hand from her shoulder; and as she watched him with gentle, anxious eyes he was like a person who is awakening from a trance.

She was free from the slightest self-consciousness, altogether unembarrassed. She had come to his assistance as she would have done for a child, an old woman, a crippled matchseller, or anyone in need of momentary aid. The fact that he was a darkly handsome, rather splendid, princely sort of man of thirty-two, or at most thirty-five, did not in any way disturb her composure or interfere with her solicitude. But when he began to talk to her she felt a strange pleasure while listening to the sound of his voice. It had a tone of refinement and cultivation that she could recognise at once, although she had heard it but too rarely. His manner was more than courteous—deferential. He spoke to her as if she had been a princess.

"I don't know how to apologise sufficiently for my clumsiness, or thank you sufficiently for your kindness"; and he told her that an old injury to his leg was the cause of his limping and also of his occasionally being attacked by dizziness. "It is nothing. The doctors mean to cure me, but they haven't quite finished the cure. Doctors are like Time itself. They may be sure, but they are very slow"; and he had a grave smile. "Thank you once more. I—I am absolutely all right now."

"Are you certain? Don't you think you had better have a taxicab?"

"No, thank you very much. I live near here." They stood looking at each other. And suddenly Gabrielle Deane felt embarrassment. This lengthening pause, in which neither said anything, became awkward and oppressive.

"Well, if I can't do anything more—" And without finishing the sentence she hurried away.

He took off his hat; and she believed that he remained for a little while bare-headed following her with his eyes.

After walking swiftly up the passage by Brompton



ton Church she went past gardens with high trees through which the fading light of the sky showed in dull golden crevices, and then turned into a broad road with large stately houses on either hand. Strange as it might seem, in view of the prosperous aspect of the neighbourhood, she was now close to home. Already she could see her place of abode. It was a large, empty house standing at a corner, with a board against its columned porch to announce that the lease was for disposal by Messrs. Spruce and Company, and with bills on the plate glass of its blank windows to give the further information that one would find a caretaker on the premises.

A little boy, stationed like a small sentry at the area gate, gave forth cries of welcome at sight of her.

"Aunt Gabrielle—Aunt Gabrielle!" And, abandoning his post, he ran to meet her.

She opened her arms to receive him, and they hugged each other in a close embrace.

"My precious Lance. . . Is all well with my dear boy?"

"Quite well, Auntie Gabrielle. But how late you are!"

"Yes, Lance, I know I am, but I couldn't help it."

They went down the stone steps of the area hand in hand, and entered what Messrs. Spruce and Company described alluringly as the capacious and attractive basement. Here in the front room, which was comfortably furnished and seemed pleasant enough when the electric light had been turned on, "Aunt Gabrielle" discarded her hat, tied an apron round her waist, and busied herself preparing their supper. She talked gaily all the while, stopping work now and then for more kisses and another hug. No one could have seen these two together, chattering and laughing as they were now, without understanding the strength of the bond that united them. It was more than companionship, more than affection, it was real, deep love—trusting, unquestioning love on the part of the little boy Lance; love protective, tender, yearning, yet passionately ardent, on the part of the young woman Gabrielle.

"So nobody has been to the house all day, Lance?"

He said no, and they spoke of other members of the family. Lance said he missed Mrs. Gibson and he missed Aunt Winnie, but he did not miss Mr. Gibson.

"No more do I," said Gabrielle Deane, laughing. At the same time, she wondered what her step-father would say when he learnt that she was in imminent peril of being unemployed.

They spent a happy evening, and when at last the boy consented to end it by going to bed she went up to her bare, half-furnished room at the very top of the house that they both occupied and sat by his bedside reading to him till he fell asleep.

She read on for some time after the sound of his breathing let her know that he had gone from her into the world of dreams. Then she stooped over him and softly kissed his forehead.

"God bless you," she whispered, "and guard you, and make a good man of you."

Downstairs again in the basement she tidied the room and got things ready for their breakfast to-morrow. She did all this more slowly than was her wont, looking pensive, and making pauses during which her hands hung idly, almost as if she had forgotten what she had to do. Once or twice in these pauses she smiled.

She was thinking of the interesting episode of the fallen stick, and talking to herself about it.

"Yes, that's a romantic-looking man, if ever there was one," she thought, framing the thought in connected words. "Why, he's like the hero in old-fashioned novels—the kind that comes in somewhere without anybody knowing who he is or what he wants—and the author calls him 'the tall stranger' or 'the dark stranger.' No, 'the unknown.' That's how he'd be described in the funny old books—'the unknown' . . . I shall call him that myself. 'The unknown' . . . The smile widened from her pretty lips and brightened her whole face, as sunlight spreads over water brightening it and making it seem alive. 'Didn't he go on thanking me! And for nothing—really nothing. Thank you very much—thank you once more.' Frightfully polite! But meaning it. Not humbug." The smile vanished, and it was as if the sunlight had gone. Her eyes became large, soft, and very serious. "How he looked at me—just at the last! I don't think I have ever seen a look quite like that."

"The unknown" had said that he lived near, in this neighbourhood. That meant that sooner or later she would probably see him again. At any time they might come face to face. And when they met, he would naturally stop and speak; he would want to talk to her.

Suddenly she made a resolution, a resolution so strong as to be like a vow. She would not be shy and self-conscious and idiotic about it. When the chance came she would let him talk to her, she would encourage him to talk to her. She would talk to him.

The dictum of Miss Hopkins seemed to have made a firm lodgment in her mind and to be directing her thoughts.

"If you won't let things happen, then, of course, they don't!"

CHAPTER II.

SHE gave him his opportunity next time—and he did not take it. They met on the bridge over the Serpentine one evening when she had walked across the park from the Marble Arch.

Again there was a splendid sunset, making the bridge, the water, and the high trees all seem to be bathed in fire, and Gabrielle had just felt her innermost heart stirred by the beauty of it when she saw "The unknown" approaching. He was on the other side of the bridge, scarcely using his stick, strolling, not walking as if he were bound for any goal, just enjoying the air. He recognised her at once. He took off his hat, looked at her, apparently hesitated, as though intending to come across to her, and then walked on.

"Well, I'm damned," said Gabrielle Deane aloud; and then she struggled in vain to laugh.

She was mortified and indignant, angry and ashamed. Her pride smarted; she had received an injury from which she would not soon recover.

She thought that he had behaved hatefully and disgustingly. Yet she could not forget his extreme politeness in the beginning. She had felt the charm of an unusual deference, a chivalrous respect for her sex—yes, and something more than all that, something much more, during that pause when they looked at each other without speaking.

On the afternoon of the day before Mr. Gibson's return the boy, Lance, was alone in the sitting-room. Stretched upon the floor and entirely engrossed with a toy, Lance did not hear the bell ringing, or a little later see that somebody had come down the area steps, and was looking at him through the window. But he heard the outer door being opened, then a footstep in the passage, and he sprang to his feet as this unexpected personage entered the room.

It was a tall man, a gentleman, not one of the tramps or cadgers against whom Lance had been warned, but he towered above the little boy in a startling, overwhelming way. Lance was perturbed, struck silent. He stared at his visitor. Then he courageously advanced a step and spoke very firmly.

"What do you want here?"

"I want to see the house."

"Have you got an order from Spruce's?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then you can't see over," said Lance, with increased firmness. "That's the rule."

"Would it be against your rules if I sat down and rested?" asked the visitor. Plainly he was amused by the little boy.

"You may sit down—if you promise to go away as soon as I tell you."

"That instant minute. I promise."

The boy had drawn close to him, and with elbows on the table, was looking up into his face. He answered the visitor's questions unhesitatingly. He said his name was Lance—"short for Lancelot."

"Lancelot! A very perfect knight. That's a grand name—and no mistake, as we say in the vernacular. You must try to live up to it. . . . Are you father Gibson's son?"

But Lance said no. His father was dead. He belonged to Aunt Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle! My word, you do deal in grand names down here. I congratulate you on your names. Gabrielle la belle—not that I suppose she is . . . Gabrielle! Yes, that's a topping name."

"You haven't told me your own name yet."

"My name is Gerald."

"Gerald!" Lance echoed it.

"How does that strike you? Not unworthy, eh? But commonplace. Nothing to it?"

"Oh, I wouldn't call it a bad name," said Lance.

Drawing still closer, he had insinuated himself between the legs of the visitor, who stroked his smooth, dark hair and tapped his cheek. They were friends, trusting companions. All children are able to ignore the dividing barrier of the years, and a few grown-up people can do it, too. Apparently this man of thirty-three was one of them.

"What's that?" asked Gerald. "There on the floor." He was pointing to a small cardboard toy.

"What is it?"

"Nairplane," said Lance. Then he added hastily, "I mean it's an aer-o-plane" and he

W. B. MAXWELL.



"THE GREATEST BRITISH NOVELIST" is what eminent critics call W. B. Maxwell, the author of "Gabrielle." His fame has been achieved by his ability to write novels with a great human appeal, create characters faithful to life, and tell a story that grows in power and interest from chapter to chapter.

picked it up and put it on the table. "There's something wrong with it."

"I see," said Gerald, handling the boy's home-made model. "It's another winged bird. It won't fly. It's a winged bird."

"What do you mean? Winged bird! All birds have wings."

"I know they have, Lance; but when one of them has a wing shot through or hurt or wounded we say it has been winged. And after that it can't soar upward and fly freely. It can only rise a very little way, or flop along the ground on its feet—just as I do, with my stick. You see, I know what I'm talking about, because I'm a winged bird myself."

"You're not, Gerald." Lance laughed with keen enjoyment. "I say you're not a bird at all."

"I was once, anyhow. But they shot at me and brought me down. So I turned myself into the next best thing. I became a poet."

"A poet? I can read poetry."

Lance delighted in his visitor. He understood perfectly well that he was not to accept all the visitor said as true; it was make-believe; but this mixture of fancy and reality is that which childhood craves for. It fascinates, it enthralled. He urged the visitor to go on, and his young face reflected every expression of the older face, now bright with fun, now solemn, now meditative and dreamy.

"Tell me a story about something, Gerald."

"Very well. What do you think of this?" And Gerald's face was grave, with dark and introspective eyes. "But stop a minute. It's a secret. Can you keep secrets?"

"Yes."

"My broken wing is a secret, too."

"All right. Tell me the story."

"A little while ago I nearly fell down in the road. I didn't know what to do. But all at once there appeared—from nowhere, Lance—from the empty air—a lovely, gracious lady. And she held me up and saved me."

"Who was she? A fairy?"

"No, no, better than that. I rather think she was a goddess who had been caught in one of destiny's traps and made to wear a disguise—the common garment of humanity. Her face was beautiful—at least it was to me—but not so beautiful as her soul, which I felt but did not see. There was starlight in her eyes, and when I put my hand on her shoulder I became light as a feather. I felt that I could fly again."

"Yes. And what did you do next?"

"I thanked her and bowed profoundly, and I blushed."

"Why did you blush?"

"Because I'm shy."

"Yes. And then?"

"She vanished—into thin air, into thin air."

"And you never saw her again?"

"Yes. I have seen her twice more, and each time I thought the same thing."

"What did you think?"

"That I would like to put my hand on her shoulder and fly away with her to the ends of the earth, right through life, and beyond it as far as we could go."

"Perhaps she'd let you. Did you tell her?"

"No; I wanted to, but I didn't dare. I was too shy."

"Are you shy, Gerald?"

"Appallingly."

"Oh. . . . Well, go on."

"There is no more of it. It's done. . . . Not much of a story, eh?"

Lance was silent, meditating, then he rolled himself and spoke with great politeness:

"Of course it isn't a story at all. But thank you very much just the same."

The visitor roused himself also. Getting up from his chair, he put on his hat and moved towards the door.

"Good-bye, Lance, old man. When I come again—with an order—I may have something else in my pockets. Something for you."

"Sweets?"

"Wait and see—as the statesman said when he hadn't quite made up his mind."

In the evening Lance reported to Gabrielle that somebody had come to the house; but, when questioned, he was reticent and mysterious.

"I mustn't say any more. We had secrets together. He asked me not to tell. A secret."

"I don't understand. Lance, what do you mean? Was he a nasty man?"

"Oh, no. Nawfully nice. I liked him. And he's coming back. It's all right, Auntie Gabrielle."

She was satisfied, and thought of other matters. She did not remotely guess who it was. If Lance had told her a little more, above all, if Lance had betrayed the visitor's secret, things might have been better for her in the time that was to come.

The above are extracts from the opening chapters of "Gabrielle," W. B. Maxwell's great new romance, which commences in "The Daily Mail" on October 7th. This is the first time a newspaper has published a story by "the Greatest British Novelist," and in "Gabrielle" W. B. Maxwell has produced his finest work. A long first instalment appears in "The Daily Mail" on Wednesday, October 7th, and the story, growing in power and interest until it reaches a breathless climax, will be continued daily thereafter.

£250 Prize for Readers of
"GABRIELLE."

SEE THE Daily Mail OCTOBER 7th

Fashions & Fancies in Film-land

The Waisted Dress—
The Popular Shawl—
Renee Adoree's Useful
:: :: Coat :: ::

Back to the Waisted Dress!

IS the shapeless straight waistless frock, which has so long been popular to leave us? One wonders when one sees the many models with fitted high-waisted bodices which are creeping among the newer models. And with the new waist comes the flaring, circular skirt. In bare print the new, or rather new old, mode sounds dreadful. In reality it is as charming as every other style we have appreciated in the past and just as likely to catch the fancy.

A Demure Quaintness

THIS throw-back to the Victorian period is especially graceful for the slim rounded body of girlhood, and touches her somewhat modern personality with a demure dash of quaintness. Patsy Ruth Miller is particularly fond of the high bodiced, swirling skirt model, and wears it very well in several of her new pictures.

In "Ross of the World" she wears a pansy blue frock of crepe, adorned with flat old-fashioned roses in pink and coral. The skirt is very wide, with a trailing border of the roses outlining the hem.

The Shawl, the Popular Evening Wrap

AND when it comes to covering the evening frock for the journey to and from the dance or theatre, there is only one selection—the shawl. No longer is it considered sole property of the older woman. It has become the choice of youth both on account of its charm and comfort.

Colours gay and appealing are used for fashioning these graceful coverings and materials of all kinds are used for their making. What is more the ingenious girl can make one for herself at a quarter of the price they cost to buy.

Just now when the vogue for painted things is at its height, the shawl which boasts of painted posies on its silken surface becomes the height of chic. On a background of mauve or petal pink, flowers of pretty pastel shadings look best. On all-white, vivid colours show up with great effect, while the useful black shawl can have sprays of lovely red roses or orange flowers. Indeed, it will give pleasure to the maker to think out colour schemes for herself which will correspond with the dress to be worn.

Striking Designs

THE most exotic of shawls are those which feature peacocks, dragons, and ducks painted on a neutral background. The favoured finish is a deep and plaited fringe, this soft and silky. It is such a shawl with heavily-fringed border that Myrtle Stedman has selected to wear in the lovely settings of "The Desert Flower." The shawl is of silk and boasts of posies which have been painted on in almost every conceivable colour which have been blended with artistic effect.

A Very Valuable Possession

CLAIRE WINDSOR is the possessor of a purse which is extremely valuable to her—not so much because of its cost, or because of any sentimental value, but merely because it is suitable for almost any occasion.

Miss Windsor bought it when she was in

Europe last year, and ever since then has found it a good stand by.

It has room for powder, rouge, lip-stick, bank book, and all those other accessories which a woman feels necessary to have constantly with her.

"I simply could not do without this purse," Miss Windsor says, "and when it wears out I shall have one made exactly like it. The background of the purse is tan, and the pattern is finely woven upon it in all shades of the rainbow. It never clashes with a costume, no matter how bright the colour may be."

The Handiest Purse of All

PURSES either make one very comfortable or very miserable," she added. "What is more conspicuous or unattractive than a purse that is full to overflowing, and what is more discomforting than trying to locate something in it? It makes one conscious of a bad appearance. Purse, shoes, and gloves should always be trim and neat, and my favourite type of the former is both attractive and of comfortable size."

Make Your Own Bags

BY the way, mention of the handbag for all occasions reminds me of a very fine book that is now on the market, and which

should be of the greatest assistance to the girl who, like Claire Windsor, believes that the handbag goes so far towards the "finish" of the toilette.

It is called the "Best Way Bag Book," and, although it costs only sixpence, contains patterns for four "up-to-the-minute" handbags, and such explicit diagrams for forty others that you could cut any of them from the concise diagrams of their patterns. And this book displays all the latest notions, too. You can make the majority of the bags from scraps of silk from the piece bag, and, although it sounds a bit previous, they'd make the most wonderful Christmas presents. Get a copy to-day from your newsagent. He'll order one if he hasn't it in stock.

The Most Useful Garment

RENEE ADOREE has one garment in her wardrobe to which she is particularly attached, because of its very useful properties.

"Perhaps it would not appeal to me so much if I were not in pictures," she says. "But being in pictures I am constantly finding it useful. Call it a matter of temperament or what you will, but I simply must have a plain satin coat of dark blue."

"If I go straight from home to the studio in my film costume—whether pyjamas, evening gown, or costume—I can go in comfort if I slip on the navy satin coat, even though the temperature is ninety-nine or nine below zero. I can go from my dressing-room to the set, and be inconspicuous in whatever garb I am wearing."

"I can pass through dust, mud, rain, or sun, and in the end a good shaking makes the coat as fresh as ever. Dark blue does not attract the glare of the sun, and satin is cool in summer and warm in the winter. I'm certain that such a coat would be found just as handy by other girls, no matter what their profession."



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Use Oatine every night and morning, and you will keep your skin in perfect condition. Cool, clear, soft, smooth, no blemishes, no redness—try it and see!

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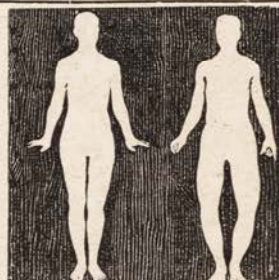
Oatine Cream in tubes 7d., in jars 1/6 and 3/4. Oatine Snow in tubes 7d., in jars 1/3, of all chemists and stores.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

To all who send 4d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing) we will present a copy of the new Oatine Book and a box containing a trial size of Oatine Cream and Oatine Snow (vanishing cream), Tooth Paste, Face Powder, Soap, and a full-sized 3d. Oatine Shampoo Powder. Write to-day to

THE OATINE CO.,

46, Oatine Buildings, Borough, S.E.1.



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-legged and Knock-kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Strainer," Model 18, U.S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write to-day for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book, which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose 6d. P.O. or stamps for postage.

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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

"Picture Show"

Film Fun

Jokes Gleaned From the British
and American Film World

First Film Actor: "My wife pays too much for her hats."

Second Film Actor: "You're lucky, old chap. My wife has never paid for one yet!"

Gave Herself Away

"Jane," said the film actress to her maid very impatiently, "you were a long time coming up here! Didn't you hear me calling you?"

Maid: "No, ma'am, not till you called the third time."

Very Good

The little son of a well-known film actress had gone to his first party. When he returned his mother inquired if he had been good.

"You didn't ask twice for anything at the table?" she inquired.

"Oh, no!" the little boy assured her. "I asked once and they didn't hear me, so I helped myself."

Their Idea of a Compliment

Ruth Roland was driving along in her car one day when she came across some boys playing football.

Suddenly the ball bounced into the road, and Ruth drove carefully to avoid running over it, slowing down as she did so. This gave one of the players time to doff his cap and say, with admiration in his voice:

"Lady, you're a gentleman."

He Did Not Mind

The young film extra informed her fiancé that their engagement was at an end; furthermore, she stated that she was going to return to him everything he had ever given her.

"Splendid!" he replied. "You can commence with the kisses."

How He Did It

A man was visiting a studio, and he had just watched a most poignant scene.

"How ever did you get the actress to register such wonderful grief?" he asked the director.

"Well, I told her just beforehand that I was going to reduce her salary," was the reply.

Thoroughly Washed

Young Studio Artiste who has recently married: "This lettuce tastes awful. Did you wash it?"

His Wife: "Of course I did: and used perfumed soap, too!"

She Thought She Was Right

Johnny Hines was telling this joke the other day.

A little child having plucked some roses, was reproved by her father, who said:

"Didn't I tell you not to pick my flowers without leave?"

"Yes, daddie," she replied: "but all these have leaves."

No Country For Him

A film actress once offered a poor little boy a chance to go in the country for a week, but he refused very decidedly. Any amount of coaxing or pleading only brought forth the stubborn answer: "No country for me!"

"But why not?" inquired the film actress.

"Well, I've been told they have thrashing machines in the country, and it's bad enough here where it's done by hand!"

Not the Kind He Meant

"Do you like moving pictures?"

"No, I don't. I almost broke my neck hanging the beastly things once."

"Prize Pars" Money Doubled!

FIRST £100 PRIZE

SECOND PRIZE £25. TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES OF £1 EACH

There is nothing unusual about the wording of this puzzle-paragraph which we invite you to solve. The title of it is "Back to Winter Time," and for the rest, the sense of the sentences will guide you. Bear in mind, however, that each of the pictures or signs may represent part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three words.

When you have solved the picture to your satisfaction, write your solution, **IN INK**, on one side of a clean sheet of paper, then sign the coupon beneath the picture, pin stamps to the value of threepence in the space marked, cut out the whole tablet (do not sever the coupon from the picture), pin your solution to it, and post to:

"PRIZE PARS" No. 41, G.P.O. BOX 682,

The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street,
London, E.C. 4 (Comp.),

so as to reach that address not later than **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15th.**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

The First Prize of £100 will be awarded to the competitor who complies with the above conditions and sends a correct, or most nearly correct, solution of the paragraph. The Second and other prizes will go to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit. In the event of ties, the right to add together and divide any or all of the prizes is reserved, but the full amount will be awarded.

Each attempt must be accompanied by a separate picture and coupon to which stamps to the value of threepence must be pinned. No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, delayed, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any competitor's solution for reasons which he considers good and sufficient. The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning the competition. Solutions containing alternatives will be disqualified. No correspondence is allowable.

"Answers," "The Family Journal," "Home Companion," "Football and Sports Favourite," "Eve's Own Stories," "Pictorial Magazine," and "Woman's World" are also taking part in this competition, and their readers are invited to enter.

Employees of the proprietors of these journals are not eligible to compete.

"Prize Pars" No. 41.

THE **MM** **2** **HP** **your** **T** **B** **1/2** **OCT** **3rd** **1925**

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THE **Breakfast** **EVERY** **& AUT** **How** **3** **FRIDAY** **15** **JUNE**

THE **6am-7** **Lights Out** **10pm-11** **UMN.** **ever** **3** **IF**

H **DESIGN FOR** **NEW VILLAGE** **iii** **A** **BOON** **BR**

I am **much obliged** **to you for the** **good news** **THE** **THE** **S** **A DAY** **+ 1 hour** **DU** **JUNE** **JULY** **AUGUST** **H** **W** **N**

WE **ET** **2** **6.30** **a.m.** **IT** **WE HAD A** **DELIGHTFUL** **TIME AT** **THE PARTY**

RE **the** **of** **N** **Y** **6 to 9pm** **6 to 9pm**

Pin stamps
value 3d.
here.

Closing date,
THURSDAY,
October 15th.

P. Show.

I enter "Prize Pars" No. 41, and agree to accept the published
decision as final and legally binding.

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ADDRESS _____



YOU can't prevent pots from boiling over, but you can keep both the pots and the stove clean and bright with Glitto.

Glitto quickly removes all trace of the messes which boil over on to the kitchen range. Just two minutes' work with Glitto will pave the way for a brilliant black-lead polish, while steel parts will shine and shine again. Give the inside of the oven a touch of Glitto after each baking. It pays.

Glitto is cook's friend. It allows nothing to spoil her good work. The flavour of one day's dinner is never carried forward to the next when Glitto is used. Cooking utensils, Glitto-cleaned, are a pleasure to handle. Good cooks say so.



Breakdown Avoided— Nerves Quite Steady



Miss Evadne Price, the well-known Woman Journalist of the "Sunday Chronicle," *writes* :—

IT is with great pleasure I tell you how beneficial I have found your wonderful Phosferine. I have been recently hovering on the edge of a nervous breakdown through overwork, but Phosferine has absolutely saved me from this. I cannot speak too highly of it. Recently I have been learning to drive my car, and smashed it up the first time out, and Phosferine absolutely pulled me together and enabled me to go out again to-day with my nerves quite steady."

(May 25, 1925.)

From the very first day you take **PHOSFERINE** you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

Aldwych.

Result of Our "Opinions on Pictures" Competition No. 8.

What we want in Pictures!

DO YOU LIKE EDUCATIONAL FILMS?

A Reader Breaks into Poety

YOUR Nature Studies bore me stiff—

Sure, Felix beats 'em hollow!

Excursions geographical

Reluctantly I follow.

I hate to know "Where Sponges Grow,"

Or "How they dye Merino."

Through science shows I gently doze,

And dream of Valentino.—W. Parnell, 11, St. Loo Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.3.

Travelling Made Easy

I AM a strong advocate of educational films, specially those of travel. Hundreds of people who would otherwise never see outside their native land, are enabled through the films to travel à la fantasia to Spam, Holland, and even Hawaii. For a small sum, picture-goers can witness the quaint scenery and picturesque costumes of any country under the sun.

The "travelogue" which shows nothing but scenery is apt to be monotonous and even boring. The travel picture showing unusual customs and places of historical interest all over the world is the best going.—A. F. Alexander (Miss), Greenbank, Duke's Road, Camtnlang, Glasgow.

They Do Not All Go To Hold Hands!

MOST cinema managers seem to share the opinion of the magnate who says that the picturegoing public is largely composed of young people who go to hold hands and

suck the same gum-drop, and who, at the mere suggestion of anything educational, flee as from the plague. So if I want to see such epics as "Everest," "Sahara," "The Voyage of the Quest," or "Livingstone," I must pay fancy prices in the West End. Yet when our local cinema risked "The Great White Silence," the queues were a sight to gladden the heart.—E. Raven, 41, Median Road, Clapton, E.5.

Lazy Minds

YES. I hope the criticism is not unfairly harsh, but I cannot help thinking that the objector to educational films is the victim of a lazy mind! It is the duty of everyone in these days to profit by the advantages progress brings, and the educational value of the cinema is one that should be appreciated and supported. Our cinema proprietors are wise enough not to overdo things, and the average educational film is rarely long enough to warrant boredom in the laziest of minds. And for the majority of the audience I am sure these films form a welcome as well as an interesting relief.—Cecil M.C. Mann, (Staff), Town Hall, Camberwell, S.E.5.

Nothing Too Technical

THE immense importance of the position held by moving pictures in modern education is a fact now universally acknowledged; but as the main object of the cinema-going public is to be amused, it behoves the wise producer to gild the educative pill. A travel film should therefore not be a series of undiluted views, but should also possess a story interest, however slender.

In nature studies humour is an important factor. The audience will retain a memory more vividly where there is a laugh attached.

In pictures of scientist's inventions and demonstrations of manufacture, etc., simplicity should be aimed at above all. Nothing purely technical, or above the grasp of the average audience should be shown.—Miss D. G. Shore, 11, Drayton Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.10.

(Prizes of One Guinea each have been awarded to the senders of the above "Opinions.")



NOT A HAIR! JUST A FEW MINUTES.

Until the discovery of Veet Cream there was no satisfactory method of getting rid of those disfiguring growths of superfluous hair that destroy daintiness and invite unwelcome glances. Razors only make hair grow faster and thicker, and ordinary depilatories are noxious and smarting. Veet is a perfumed, velvety cream that has almost entirely superseded these old-fashioned and unsatisfactory methods. Just spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic! Satisfactory results guaranteed or money back. Used by nearly two million women. 3/- and 1/6 at chemists, hairdressers and stores. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price, plus 6d. for postage and packing. (A trial tube by post for 6d. in stamps.) Dac Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 425), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1. Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes—they are often more expensive too.

VEET REMOVES HAIR
LIKE MAGIC

When communicating with Advertisers please mention "Picture Show."

Ulcerated Leg

No matter how deep-seated and persistent your skin trouble you will secure relief if you use Germolene.

Miss L. Underwood, of 3, Cleveland Terrace, Fiddington, London, W.2, says:—"I have suffered from ulcers on both my legs and have found Germolene most valuable. The ulcers began to form some two years ago, and grew until they were as big as two-shilling pieces. I tried various preparations and treatments, but nothing did any good, and of course my general health became affected, and I was altogether out of sorts. At length, when I got Germolene, what a relief it was! The ulcers began to grow smaller almost from the first application, and in quite a short time they were entirely healed up."



Miss L. Underwood.

Use Germolene for

Eczema Piles Ringworm
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Rashes Cuts and Burns Chapped Hands
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and all Cut, Bruised, Itching, or
Ulcerated Surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH

Home Prices: 1/3 and 3/- per tin.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

**GERMOLENE
ASEPTIC SOAP**
is instilled with some of the active properties of Germolene. It softens, purifies, and preserves the skin, and is a protection from blemish and disease. Get a tablet to-day. Sold by all Chemists at 1/- per tablet, or in boxes of three tablets, 2/9.

Tiredness

If you feel so tired, and so depressed and get out of breath very easily you should really try a few Iron Jelloids. You have no idea what a difference they may make to you. Every woman should take a few Iron Jelloids with meals now and again. They are the great blood enrichers. They can do nobody any harm. When you consider they have been a household remedy for thirty years and the thousands of women (men, and also children) who have derived benefit from them you must be sure they are a good thing. Ask among your friends—you are bound to find among them some who have taken Iron Jelloids—ask your doctor, ask any nurse or any chemist. All will tell you that Iron Jelloids are an excellent genuine remedy. They are most inexpensive—treatment for ten days 1/3—for five weeks 3/-—all chemists stock them. They don't interfere with digestion, they don't injure the teeth—in fact they will do you nothing but good. They cost so little you should indeed take them now and again—ask for Iron Jelloids No. 2. Those with Quinine are Iron Jelloids No. 2A and are put up as a tonic for men. Children can take an Iron Jelloid No. 2 or if young an Iron Jelloid No. 1.

Iron Jelloids

THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 11.)

been happening within the last exciting week or two, all in a hopeless blur that got everything mixed up in the weirdest way imaginable.

Then another halt.

Jenny stirred this time to ravenous feelings of hunger. She had eaten nothing since lunch-time, she recalled. In a moment, she saw what she imagined must have prompted this feeling, or at least intensified it.

The electric globe was lighted overhead. The car had been drawn up on some lonely roadside. It was very dark, but Jenny could make out that her side of the car lay alongside a high stone wall, making any attempt at escape that way temporarily impossible.

The big German was out on the road puffing at a meerschaum pipe as large as his head. Blue-suit was half in the car, half out of it, busy with the contents of a hamper, while the young French chauffeur stood by looking interestedly in on Jenny.

Aromatic odours of meats and pastry rose from the hamper. Jenny saw blue-suit take out various things wrapped carefully in tissue paper—a chicken, cold pie, a large smoked sausage (which the man with the meerschaum eyed with approval), tinned meats, a crusty loaf, an assortment of fruits and bottles of wine—all that a respectable hotel larder could boast, and something over.

"I expect you could do with a bite of food, miss?" said blue-suit looking up.

"Perhaps I could," said Jenny, stiff and cold, and wondering if the journey were never going to end. "Thanks, but I prefer to wait till I've given you in charge."

"As you like," said blue-suit.

The trio squatted on the running board or stood about while they ate and drank.

Jenny watched the inroads made on the chicken, on the cold pie, even on the big German's sausage. Her mouth watered.

All of a sudden, she was up and ready to leap down on the depredators. They were startled. They sprang to face her to a man. Blue-suit, his mouth full, searched frantically for his pistol.

"S'no use, miss—"

"Please," appealed Jenny, "have you finished that chicken?"

They were all quite amiable after that. Jenny felt much better—she had had no idea German sausage could taste so good—and as soon as the car had restarted, she shut her eyes tight and slept again, thoroughly ashamed.

When she next sat up—it seemed long ages after—it was to listen to the familiar hum of an electric tram. So she supposed it. The blinds on either side of her were drawn, but she could make out that they were travelling through a large town, that it was very late, or early morning, and that, apparently, people who lived in this part of it were all in bed.

Quite suddenly, as if it were meant to surprise her, the car swung in by the footwalk with a squealing of brakes.

"Here we are, miss," announced blue-suit.

He went out on to the carriage step before an ornate iron gate flanked by tall trees, and helped Jenny to alight. The German and the French chauffeur closed in upon her as a measure of precaution.

She was taken up a stately drive skirting an old world garden in which a fountain softly splashed. The house, set on slightly rising ground beyond a broad stone terrace, was more like a palace. It reminded Jenny of pictures she had seen of Versailles, it was so architecturally beautiful.

Light filtered past slender marble columns at the entrance; otherwise the place appeared to be in darkness.

They came into the hall which was dimly illumined from a single light high overhead. It was an exquisitely appointed place, but at this hour vast and silent. The men had doffed their hats, and Jenny found the hush that had come over them very disturbing.

Beyond her rose a grand staircase of gleaming marble, flanked by life-like statues. Wonderingly, her eyes travelled to the gallery above with its handsome marble balustrade. Blue-suit gave a strangled little cough, and in the same instant Jenny was repressing a cry—a cry of fright, almost of horror.

Up there in the gallery, where she had come to lean lightly over and view the little group waiting below, was the person Jenny had dreaded from the first moment of her great adventure—the woman in pale grey with the baleful, almond-shaped eyes whom she had seen watching Dorna Drewe that day outside Wilbridge's in Oxford Street!

The Sentence

"WILL you come this way, madame?" said a foreign voice, and Jenny looked round with a start to see a solemn-faced, elderly man who might have been the butler of the place.

Almost at the same moment, she was gazing towards the gallery again. But the spectre that still held her rooted to the floor had vanished as softly and mysteriously as it had come!

"This way, if you please, madame," came the voice, more imperatively, and, clutching at her scattered wits, Jenny was a little encouraged by the sight of a girl in cap and apron who had come to gaze at her from a passage opening off the hall.

Blue-suit touched her on the arm. "S'all right, miss," he whispered. "Nothing doing till the morning. Better get upstairs and get some sleep. You're expected, see."

Jenny saw the uselessness of protesting. The people about her were only servants with orders to carry out. She was still trembling at the shock of seeing that ghostly and forbidding figure, but evidently the woman had gone back to her own room. And Jenny herself wanted nothing so much then as rest and time to compose herself. Her head ached with the surprises of the day and the long journey.

"Par ici, madame," said the trim maid, and led Jenny down the passage and up a double flight of stairs to one of the long corridors above. Blue-suit and his German friend had disappeared, and the house butler, after waiting discreetly at the bottom of the stairs, also took himself off.

"Here, I say, what's to happen to me? Whose house is this? Where—" began Jenny.

"Je ne vous comprends pas, madame."

With that she was cut off, and given clearly to understand that the girl, like the rest of them, meant to be as close as any oyster.

Jenny gasped at the opulence of the bedroom into which she came. It was furnished in the Louis style, all gold and brocade, with a canopied bed that seemed to have come straight out of a museum. Everything was clean as a new pin, however, and with a little cry of pleasure Jenny noticed the gorgeous silk negligée—dressing-gown and "nightie," even boudoir cap—all folded and new as it had evidently come straight from some big shop in town. Also, there was a refreshing display of towels.

The maid busied herself about the bed for a minute, then turned to the door to invite Jenny to follow. She showed her a thoroughly modern bathroom. Jenny must have looked hungry for soap and water. At any rate, the girl indicated the bath-towel.

"Si vous voulez, madame," she said.

"I will," said Jenny.

A little later, in a warm glow from her bath, and in a cloud of soft silks, she was stretching herself luxuriously in the canopied bed. The maid, without a word, switched off the light and went out, and the turn of the key in the lock warned Jenny that there was grim reality in the dream.

But she slept. Had she been in a condemned cell she would have slept.

In the morning she was wondering seriously if the room were not something of the kind, if these people really believed her to be Dorna Drewe—and if she failed to disillusion them—if the desperate threat uttered by blue-suit in the Strasbourg café might not reasonably overtake her.

The soft-footed maid was back in the room. She announced briefly that it was after *midé*, and would madame now take luncheon? After noon! Jenny stared a long time.

"Couldn't I have some tea rather?" she asked after a while.

"Tea? Ah, oui, oui, madame."

The maid went out, locking the door again, and soon after returned with tea and rolls and a succulent omelette.

Jenny was left alone after the maid had indicated that she had better dress and be ready.

She rose, looking askance at Jacqueline's poor outfit, the old-fashioned skirt and bodice, the apron, the woollen hose, the heavy, clattering sabots. However, there was nothing else for it but to don the peasant's dress in which, yesterday, she should have taken part in the scene with Dorna Drewe and Raymond Verney before the movie cameras.

The summons did not come until late in the afternoon. It was the butler who brought it, and he preceded Jenny downstairs.

Jenny had been fretting, and her very real fear of the sinister woman in pale grey had returned. It did not seem good enough to argue that as she was not the girl they wanted they would be powerless to harm her. Jenny had seen enough of the organisation to realise its seriousness. And they had not brought her from Strasbourg at considerable trouble merely for the fun of it.

"They think me Dorna Drewe—and I must not deny it. I must not!" she told herself as she came once more into the great, tapestried hall.

There was something ominous in the way the butler threw open a door and ushered her into the room beyond. Jenny's heart was in her mouth. The room was very large and full of exquisite furnishings. Jenny stood still, dazed by the splendour of the place.

Then, with her heart feeling as though it were going to stop, she saw the little group of people at one end, all of them staring at her in disconcerting silence. There was blue-suit and the big German, bareheaded and standing respectfully at attention. Also there was a stranger to Jenny—a thin, hook-nosed, elderly man with an aristocratic Bourbon face who peered at her from behind gold-rimmed glasses.

And, seated upright and Sphinx-like on a settee of gold brocade in the midst of the group—the woman in pale grey! She was still in grey, very plainly dressed, but here in this stately room she had the presence of a queen.

Only for an instant did she seem to notice Jenny, and Jenny went cold at the look from those glittering jade eyes. The look expressed nothing: it seemed to go through and beyond her.

"What is your name?" The woman asked the question in a voice peculiarly deep and low. Jenny clenched her hands.

"You brought me here against my will," she answered. "I don't suppose you did that without knowing something about me?"

"Well, why should you pose as Dorna Drewe, the film star?"

"That's my business—and Dorna Drewe's," Jenny found courage to retort.

And still the woman did not so much as give her a second look, nor did she appear to be annoyed in the slightest. If anything, she looked bored.

"You refuse to say?"

"I do," Jenny was prepared for something dramatic then, but nothing happened, so she went on more courageously: "Also I demand to know why I have been brought here in this outrageous way. I demand to be allowed to go at once!"

"Very well," said the woman unexpectedly. She turned slightly to the men in the gold-rimmed glasses and spoke a few hurried words in French.

And it was all over.

Jenny was too flabbergasted to remember what immediately followed. She was vaguely disappointed and shamed. The woman in pale grey had somehow failed to come up to expectations. In short, instead of being regarded as an important and dangerous quantity, she felt like a scullery maid who had been summarily sacked. She found herself out in the big hall, with blue-suit and the German keeping her company. Her request to be allowed to go at once was fulfilled literally. She was hustled through a long passage and out at the back of the house, across a stretch of lawn and garden and past some out-houses to a lane behind.

Here the car in which she had travelled overnight was again at her disposal. Jenny was put inside and, almost before the door was closed upon her, the young French chauffeur was letting in the clutch and whisking her off at a pace that gave her no time to collect her scattered wits.

They emerged into a long boulevard with trees and big houses on either side, then over a

(Continued on page 26.)



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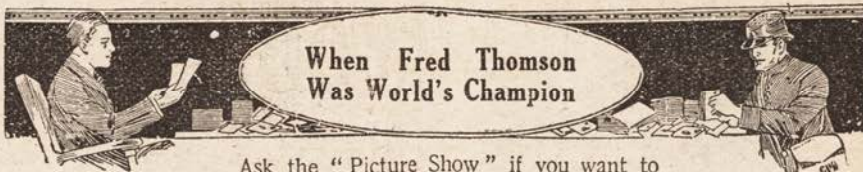
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Ask the "Picture Show" if you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

"Coco" (New Malden).—Yes, quite a number of real cowboys are among those acting for the films. As regards your favourite, Fred Thomson, he was the world's all-round champion athlete for three years, 1910, 1911 and 1913. In height, he is 6 ft., but I am sorry I cannot tell you his chest measurement, for this information has not been disclosed. The first film in which he appeared was "The Love Light," starring Mary Pickford. It was Tom Mix, and not Buck Jones, in "North of the Yukon." This was released last year.

"Blossom" (Aldershot).—Glad to hear that both you and your son find the "P.S." such a pleasant companion every Monday. Here is the cast of "Lilies of the Field": Corinne Griffith (Mildred Barker), Conway Tearle (Louis Willing), Alma Bennett (Doris), Sylvia Breamer (Vera), Myrtle Stedman (Mazie), Crauford Kent (Walter Barker), Charlie Murray (Charles Lee), Phyllis Haver (Gertrude), Charles Gerrard (Ted Conroy). Unfortunately, the cast of the very old film you mention is not available now.

V. W. (Grimsby).—Art plates of Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino were published respectively in the issues for December 1st, 1923, and July 5th, 1924. The cost of a single back number is 3d. Victoria Forde is the wife of Tom Mix, and Antonio Moreno is married to Mrs. Daisy Canfield Denziger. With regard to your canine favourites, Peter the Great belongs to Edward Faust, Rin-tin-tin to Leland L. Duncan, and Duke to Tom Mix.

M. G. H. (Oxford).—It is very difficult to say where an old film may be showing. Perhaps the manager of the cinema in your locality did not think there was any great demand for the re-issue of "The Mark of Zorro." Anyway, I am sorry I do not know when it is likely to be re-issued. William Fairbanks and Douglas Fairbanks are not related.

S. K. B. (Calcutta).—There is no complete list published of all the film producing companies on the Continent. In any case it would be little use applying, for if there are any vacancies they will be offered, naturally enough, to those on the spot. The same applies to English and American companies. They do not undertake the training of applicants.

LUCY (Newmarket).—Edmund Burns was the hero in "The Humming Bird." He was born in Philadelphia in 1892, and has blue eyes and black hair. "For Another Woman": Kenneth Harlan (Stephen Winthrop), Kathryn Riddell (Mary Carter), Florence Billings (Valerie Langdon), Henry Sedley (Frank Garson), Alan Hale (Philip Rose), Nellie Peck Saunders (Mrs. Rose), Mary Thurman (Felice Rose), Tyrone Power (Richard Winthrop).

FILM ENTHUSIAST (Abertillery).—Sorry, we have no photos of artists for disposal or should be pleased to oblige. Eddie Polo left the films some time ago and began a tour of the music-halls. "King of the Circus": Eddie Polo (Eddie King), Corinne Porter (Helen Howard), Kittoria Beveridge (Mary

Warren), Harry Madison (James Gray), Charles Fortune (John Winters). "Saved by Wireless": George Larkin (John Powell), Jacqueline Logan (Mary Stafford), Minna Ferry Redman (Mrs. Powell), Harry Northrup (Phil Norton), Wm. Gould (Spike Jones), Wilson Hummell (Dr. Stafford), Andrew Arbuckle (Pat Hennessy), "Tarzan of the Apes": "The Son of Tarzan," and "Romance of Tarzan" have been filmed.

F. E. (Grimsby).—If there was any money on that bet of yours, then one of you will be the poorer, for no American artistes were in "Koenigsmark." The cast is: Hugette Duflos (Aurora, Grand Duchess of Lautenburg), George Vautier (Grand Duke Frederick), Henri Houry (Grand Duke Rudolph), Marcy Capri (Countess Melusine de Grafen), Jacques Catelain (Raol Vignerte). "If I Were Queen": Ethel Clayton (Ruth Townley), Andrée Leion (Oluf), Warner Baxter (Valdemir), Victory Bateman (Aunt Ollie), Murdoch MacQuarrie (Duke of Wortz), Genevieve Blinn (Sister Ursula). Yes, you can get information by post as well if you enclose a stamp and addressed envelope.

MAX (Belfast).—Yes, it was Thomas Holding who played opposite Pauline Frederick in the early version of "The Eternal City." J. W. Kerrigan was born on July 25th, 1889, in Louisville, Kentucky, and has black hair and hazel eyes, while his height is 6 ft. 1 in. He is not married. Cecil Humphreys was born on July 21st, 1883, and is married to Gladys Mason. Casson Ferguson was born on May 29th, 1891, in Alexandria, Louisiana, and is 5 ft. 11 in. in height, with brown hair and blue-grey eyes. George Walsh was born on March 10th, 1892, in New York, and has dark brown hair and eyes. His height is 5 ft. 11 in.

E. W. (Sale).—Sorry you have not won a prize as yet, but keep on trying and your luck may change one day. "The Green Temptation": Betty Compson (Genelle, Coralyne and Joan Parker), Mahlon Hamilton (John Allenby), Theodore Kosloff (Gaspard), Neely Edwards (Piton), Edmund Burns (Hugh Dwyer), Lynore Lyndard (Duchesse de Chazarin), Mary Thurman (Dolly Duntton), Betty Brice (Mrs. Weedon Dwyer), Arthur Hull (Weedon Dwyer), "The Humming Bird": Gloria Swanson (Toinette, alias the Humming Bird), Edmund Burns (Randall Carey), William Ricciardi ("Papa" Jacques), Cesare Gravini (Charlot), Mario Majeroni (La Roche), Mme. d'Ambricourt (The Owl), Helen Lindroth (Mrs. Rutherford).

"FIFI" (Bognor).—Some of Mary Astor's films are "The Bright Shawl," "Beau Brummel," "The Good Bad Girl," "The Fighting Coward," "Enticement." Her expressions were in the issue for February 21st, 1925. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. Clive Brook was born in London and first appeared on the screen in "Trent's Last Case." Previous to this he had been on the stage. He is married to Mildred Evelyn, and has black hair and dark brown eyes. (More answers next week.)

THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 24.)

broad river to other wide roads where the houses were more closely packed and large blocks of flats appeared. Soon they were spinning through the busy streets of a large city.

Jenny craned forward, torn with suspense and misgiving. She read the French names on the corners, but they conveyed nothing to her, and soon it was apparent that the car was purposely avoiding the main thoroughfares. They came into a network of rather mean streets and, at last, half-way across a wide open space with what looked like a public park on one side, the car jolted to a stop.

The young Frenchman came to throw open the door to Jenny.

"Please, mademoiselle," he said, "zis is where you get out."

Jenny got out, stared about her, then down at her peasant-girl clothes. The young chauffeur was showing white teeth under a trim, dark moustache in frank amusement. He banged the door shut and turned to vault into his seat before the wheel.

"But where am I? What place is this?" Jenny gasped out.

"Paree, mademoiselle. Ze one an' only!" Again the genial smile of amusement, not unmingled perhaps with other feelings for this pretty and very astonished English girl.

"Paris! Oh, my goodness!" cried Jenny in alarm. "Are you leaving me here—in this mad rig-out—without a bean?"

"A bean, mademoiselle?" His eyebrows arched.

"I have no money—not a cent."

"Ah, money!" He lifted a corner of his leather jacket and fished a note from his pocket. He looked at it. It was for twenty francs. With a gallant, mocking wave of the hand he parted with the note to Jenny.

"Ze best of luck, mademoiselle. Cheerio!" he was shouting next moment and, starting off, brought the big car swerving round and set off homewards so suddenly and at such speed that Jenny could do no more than stand and stare after him.

Then she looked at the twenty-franc note—worth five shillings odd in English money—and down again at her Jacqueline make-up. Over on the footwalks people had stopped to stare Jenny stared back, with tears in her eyes.

So this was Paris! Raneham had promised that she would see the place on her way back. Well, the opportunity seemed to have come!

(To be Continued.)

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P.B.P.8

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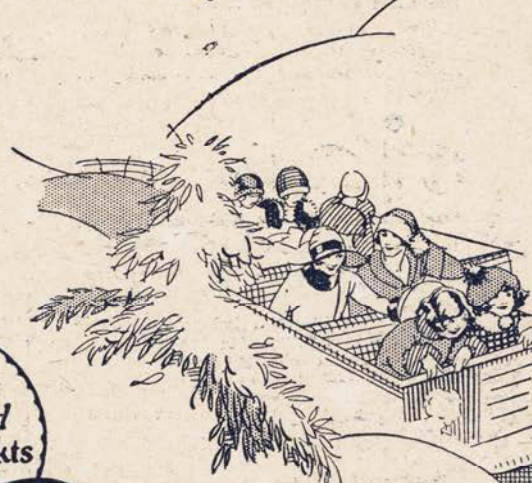
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